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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 15.—Vol. II. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 16, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo. by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Viola Tree

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Only Daughter, who Made a Successful Stage *Début*, at Edinburgh Last Week, as Viola in "Twelfth Night"

No. 15.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

March 16, 1904

A very extraordinary pamphlet has been lately published by Dr. Reid Rentoul, in which he advocates what are certainly very drastic measures to combat a state of affairs which evidently needs some reform. I refer to the mental and physical degeneracy which, like a canker, is eating gradually into the heart of the nation.

The official figures showing the proportion of insane—to turn to the mental side of this distressing problem—give an ominous account of the steady rise which has taken place in the last forty-four years.

The aggregate on January 1 last gives a ratio per 10,000 of the total population of 34·14 insane, or 1 in every 293 persons. This ratio has steadily increased from the year 1859, when reliable statistics of insanity commence, at which date the ratio stood at 18 67 per 10,000, or 1 to 536. The rise has not been quite regular, and in the years 1900 and 1901 the ratio apparently remained stationary, but in the past year it rose from 33·55 to 34·14 per 10,000, or, in round numbers, from 1 insane person in 298 in 1902, to 1 in 293 in 1903. This increase has been practically confined to the "pauper" class. For in 1859 the ratio of private lunatics to the population was 2·38; in 1903 it was 2·79, giving an increase of only 0·41 per 10,000 as between the beginning and the end of this period of forty-four years. However, in 1879 and 1880 the proportion rose to 2·97 and 2·80 respectively. In marked contrast has been the steady and continuous rise in the proportion of "pauper" lunatics, which on January 1, 1859, stood at 15·95 per 10,000, and on January 1, 1903, was 31·10, the highest figure yet attained.

Nor is this all. The figures show a tendency to increase with every year. The fifty-seventh report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, 1903, says:

It would appear that there is now one *officially known* lunatic to 293·18 individuals of the general population as against one to 335 nine years ago, and one to 536 in 1859.

Think what this means. About a decade back there was only one known lunatic to 335 persons. Now the proportion has increased so largely that it is one to 293. In Scotland and Ireland the proportion is even greater than in England and Wales, and, comparing the two former, Ireland stands unfavourably against the land of Burns. The Commissioners, however, in their report on Scotland, state:

Since 1858 the number of lunatics under the jurisdiction of the Board has increased 180 per cent.

And even this betrays but a slight proportion of those among us who are mentally unbalanced. For every person in an asylum, there are at least ten who are more or less insane. This means that one person in every thirty of our population is not in a mentally perfect state, though not sufficiently deranged to be kept under enforced control. As to the causes of insanity the Commissioners give a very lucid report. "Heredity" accounts for 18·8 per cent. of males and 24·6 per cent. of females. Drink is responsible for 23·1 per cent. of men and 9·6 of women, the latter, it may be remarked, showing an upward tendency.

Now let us turn to the physical side, and here, be it said at once, the decadence of the race is obvious to the most unobservant. Undersized, weak and feeble is the description which, in any city or district, may be applied to the majority of persons one meets. Statistics are difficult to obtain, but one can see in the Reports of the Army Medical Department how bad things are. Since physique is the one thing needful for admittance to the Army, it is reasonable to expect that the proportion of those candidates offering themselves would be better than among a corresponding number of people elsewhere. Yet what do we find? Out of 76,750 recruits in 1901, 22,536 were either rejected or discharged within three months of their enlistment.

What, then, is the cause of this degeneracy in our mental and physical conditions? Drink is undoubtedly responsible directly for a great part of the evil, and indirectly it is also a leading cause. Instead of obtaining sufficient nutriment, the scanty wages of the lower classes find their way more and more to the cash-box of the publican. It is, as the Blue Book remarks, almost entirely among the pauper classes that lunacy has shown such a shocking upward tendency. "The pauper class" in this report, means simply the poor classes, for, as they are unable to afford treatment in private asylums, they are compelled to become inmates of the public asylums. Quite recently, at an inquest at Battersea, it was proved that a mother had fed her baby on "quack" foods. The jury commented strongly on the matter. "Some notice should be taken of the fact that so young an infant had been fed on quack food." The coroner added, "The use of quack foods and quack medicines really affected the life of the nation."

This degeneracy in our race it is the duty of the nation to combat. With a certain class of criminal degenerate, male and female, and with the perpetual drunkard instead of imprisonment, Dr. Rentoul's remedy, drastic as it is, might be employed. In the case of early marriages, which cause a vast amount of eventual misery to all concerned, undoubtedly it would be well to see if some remedy could not discovered by which young men and girls were prohibited from marrying until they had at least attained their twentieth year.

But the real source of degeneracy is drink, as every student of social problems at once admits, and it is this evil, which the magistracy of the country fortunately realises that we must fight to the death.

The Bystander in Parliament

There are many parties, and sections of parties, now in the House—whole-hoggers, little-piggers, Free Fooders, Dear Fooders, and so forth—and now that gallant gentleman, Sir Frederic Carne Rasch, is see' ing to establish the cult of the Short Speaker. He thinks that men should be able to say what they have to say in ten minutes, unless they be Front-benchers, in which case they are to be given twenty minutes. And quite a number of members pretend to agree—but I fear it is a mere pretence, for deep down in the honest Parliamentary breast is a passion for keeping on.

Just as Lord Justice Bowen said that the judges were conscious of the infirmities of one another, so each hon. member is pained by the prolixity of others, but he feels that he owes it to himself, to his party and to his country, to speak at length. The gallant Sir Carne held a meeting of members the other day to ascertain their views on this important subject, and the members flocked there in large numbers. So keenly anxious were they to shorten speeches that some of them occupied nearly half an hour in explaining that any speech beyond the ten minutes' limit was an outrage!

I fear this ten minutes' limit is a counsel of perfection. It is just conceivable that a man might say what he means in that time, but then saying what you mean is the least important part of parliamentary oratory. How can a good member on either side satisfactorily show that he has grasped all the potentialities of the situation in so limited a time? How can he do justice to exordium, argument, illustration and peroration in a beggarly ten minutes? And then what chance would he have of repeating himself, not to mention contradicting himself in so inadequate a period? Now, repetition and self-contradiction are the sheet anchors of parliamentary speaking.

It is clear that Sir Carne's proposal would bring about an absolute revolution in House of Commons speaking. Let any man of feeling picture Mr. Chaplin cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, and bound in by any pestilent restrictions of this sort. Mr. Chaplin is one of the dearest possessions of the House of Commons. He is more than a man, he is an institution, he is a great Parliamentary asset. To curtail his oratory would be as brutal an undertaking as to let some savage sub-editor, some dread fury with the abhorred shears or the vile blue pencil, cut down some immortal poem.

The right hon. gentleman cannot be said to have really got into his stately stride within the first ten minutes of a speech. His oratory belongs to that style known in architecture as the Decorated, or Ornamental, or, as some would say, the Rococo. An ordinary uninteresting man might say, with commonplace bluntness, "Two and two make four," but Mr. Chaplin scorns so bald an assertion. He treats his hearers to the great organ notes of Miltonic eloquence, his solemn cadences go echoing down the corridors of time—and while I have a sincere admiration for Sir Carne Rasch as a good and a brave man I say "Hands off!" if he means to truncate the Chaplinian periods, and to substitute for those organ notes alluded to, the staccato squeakings of a penny whistle.

If Mr. Chaplin ever wished to commit himself to the statement already mentioned about two and two making four he would do it in this style: "Sir, I will venture to affirm, I will go so far as to assert, and I do not hesitate to declare, having come down to this House for that purpose and risen in my place—and my assertion, I imagine and opine, will meet with the general concurrence of all hon. gentlemen in whatever part of the House they may sit, and will commend itself to thousands outside these walls, that if you take the numeral two and increase it to the extent of two more by the process, a well-known process, known as addition, the result I have no hesitation in saying, will be found to be four—no more on the one hand, while on the other hand it will be no less."

Now whatever may be said about this style it is obvious that it requires time. The oratory of the old school resembles the movements of the stars as described by Goethe—it is unhasting and unresting. Let not this passion for shortness, which has made our literature snippety, and our journalism titbitical, ruin the great roll of parliamentary rhetoric.

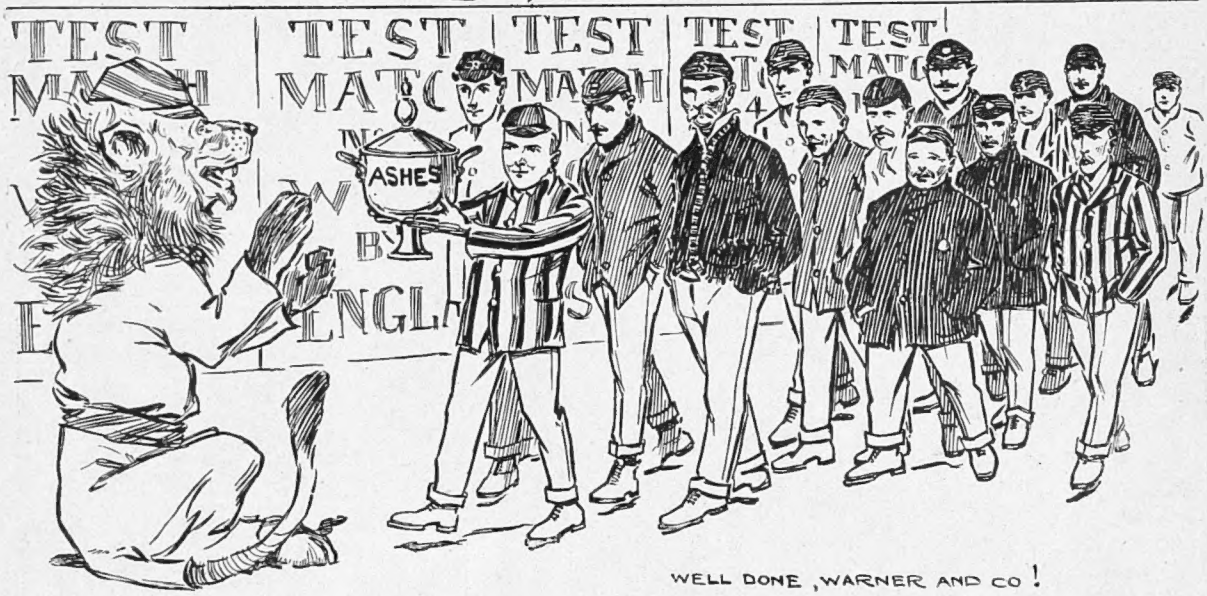
The intrepid Rasch is also anxious to stir up a feeling among constituents against their members speaking often—but surely this is a vain enterprise. Constituents expect their men to speak—they demand it. At the very meeting of members over which Sir Carne presided an elderly and respected gentleman pathetically confessed that he had kept silence in the House for a long time, and when he recently visited his constituents they said, with a candour that was quite brutal, "You are no good, you have nothing to say for yourself."

There is a legend about a member who sat in the House for more than fifty years without even saying a word in debate. At last, after this silence of half a century, one night he rose just as a long discussion was ending. The House sat silent, attentive, almost awed, as if awaiting a message from some mystic oracle. The old gentleman then delivered his maiden speech, which was also his last contribution to debate, in these memorable words: "Sir, it seems to me that least said is soonest mended." I doubt if such a man ever existed, and, if he did, he was a portent, a freak, a monstrosity—any self-respecting constituency to-day would chase him out of public life. Silence may be indicative of deep thought in parrots, but not in members of Parliament—though I admit that there are resemblances between the two in some respects.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

[ACCORDING TO A DAILY PAPER THE WAITRESSES EMPLOYED BY MESSRS LYONS HAVE BEEN FORBIDDEN TO WEAR "BUNS"]



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[THE MAYOR OF ISLINGTON KICKED OFF IN THE MATCH THE ARMY V CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY]

NOT A VERY MUDDIED OAF

"POSITIVELY HIS LAST APPEARANCE"

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Mr. John Watson, M.F.H.

Though Ireland can boast of many distinguished veteran sportsmen, among whom Mr. John Watson, the elder, of Carlow and Ireland, occupies perhaps the foremost place, it is certain that Mr. John Watson, the younger, has won for himself a reputation on this side of the channel which has never previously been attained by any of his compatriots. As a master of hounds it was only to be expected that he would shine, favoured as he was by the best of tuition and the advantage of such a country as the Meath in which to display his talents. Thirteen years have elapsed since it was announced that Mr. Watson had come forward as successor to Lord Fingal, and though the Meath Hounds had always been hunted by masters of their craft, Mr. Watson must always stand out as the most successful of them all. As a polo player, such have been Mr. Watson's exploits that the mere mention of his name is sufficient, his brilliant play being only equalled by his judgment in selection, and skill in the making, of the highest class of polo pony. Mr. Watson's regular visits to England during the summer have made him a familiar figure in London Society, while in hunting circles he is admitted to be a consummate judge of a foxhound, having officiated at Peterborough in 1898.

Two Accidents in the Hunting Field

Although the hunting season has been singularly free from accidents of a serious character its good record has recently been lowered by two unfortunate mishaps. While hunting with the Blankney Hounds, the Countess of Londesborough received a kick from another rider's horse which fractured her leg. Lady Londesborough was at once removed to Blankney Hall, where the broken limb was successfuly treated. The second victim of untoward circumstances is Arthur Thatcher, the dashing Cottesmore huntsman, who came a

With the Cottesmore: Mr. Evan Hanbury, the Master, and Arthur Thatcher, the Huntsman

The latter recently met with an unfortunate accident in the hunting field which will in all probability lay him up for the rest of the season

cropper over a fence while hunting his pack, with the result that a sinew in his thigh was badly strained. It is to be feared that he will not again be seen in the hunting field this season.

The Army and Patron Saints

To-morrow all the Irish regiments in the Army will celebrate St. Patrick's Day by wearing a sprig of shamrock. Time was when the rules of the Service forbade this decoration while men were on duty, and the subject used annually to form the subject of pertinent questions in the House of Commons put by indignant Irish M.P.'s. Queen Victoria, four years ago, removed the grievance for ever by granting permission for all Irish troops to wear a sprig of Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day in recognition of the gallantry of the Irish regiments then at the front in South Africa. St. David's Day, March 1, is kept with much ceremony by the Welsh regiments. In the Royal Welsh Fusiliers the day is especially remembered, the national emblem, the leek, being conspicuous in the festivities. It is a question whether Scottish soldiers pay any more attention to St. Andrew's Day than do their civilian countrymen with whom it is usually celebrated by copious libations of whiskey. St George's Day (April 23) is celebrated by only one English regiment, the Northumberland Fusiliers, known as the old "Fighting Fifth." On that day the drums and busbies are decorated with red and white roses, and a full-dress parade is held in honour of the occasion. Every officer and every man who has ever served in the "Fighting Fifth," even though he may have left the regiment years ago, makes a point of wearing a red and white rose on St. George's Day. It is pleasant to think that one regiment at least keeps the English saint's day, and does not leave all display of national feeling to the sister nationalities.

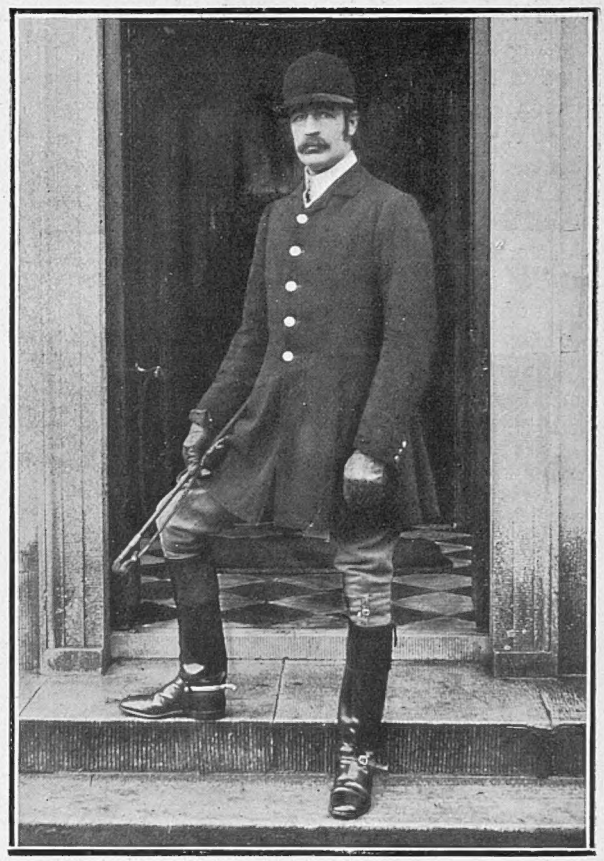

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mr. John Watson, Jun., M.F.H.

The well-known Master of the Meath foxhounds, and a famous polo player

Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

The Late Captain, the Hon Reginald Ward, D.S.O.

The Late Captain the Hon. R. Ward, D.S.O.

The gaiety of the Dublin Castle season was brought to a swift termination by the sad news of the death of Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward. When the Lord-Lieutenant left Dublin to attend the bedside of his brother, the gravest fears were expressed that the patient would not survive the operation for appendicitis. The deceased sportsman was a well-known figure on the racecourse, and his career on the flat and over obstacles was a dashing one, which was not, however, always crowned by the honours the rider bid for. In this respect, perhaps the greatest disappointment occurred in 1898, when Captain Ward entered for the Liverpool Grand National with Cathal, which three years previously had run second in the race to Wild Man from Borneo. The supporters of Captain Ward had great reason to anticipate victory, but their hopes were not fulfilled, Cathal coming in three lengths behind the winner. At the Grand Military and Household Brigade meetings deceased scored many victories, and on one occasion he brought Romeo home in front of a horse named Othello. The point of the joke, however, was rather spoilt when it was discovered that the last-named horse had been run under a wrong name.

Lieut.-Col. St. Leger Moore

A great sporting landlord in Ireland is Lieut.-Colonel Richard St. Leger Moore, who lives among his 2,500 acres at Naas, in County Kildare. For fourteen years he was Master of the Kildare Hunt, and he is president of the Irish Amateur Athletic Association. After his Harrow days, he served in the 9th, 12th, and 5th Lancers successively for about fifteen years, and in 1881 retired to his ample estates. He was then thirty-three years old; you can easily finish the sum. He is a justice of the peace, of course and, equally of course, has been high sheriff. He commanded the 17th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry in the war, and got his C.B. in 1902. There is hardly anything in the category of sport that he does not know all about.

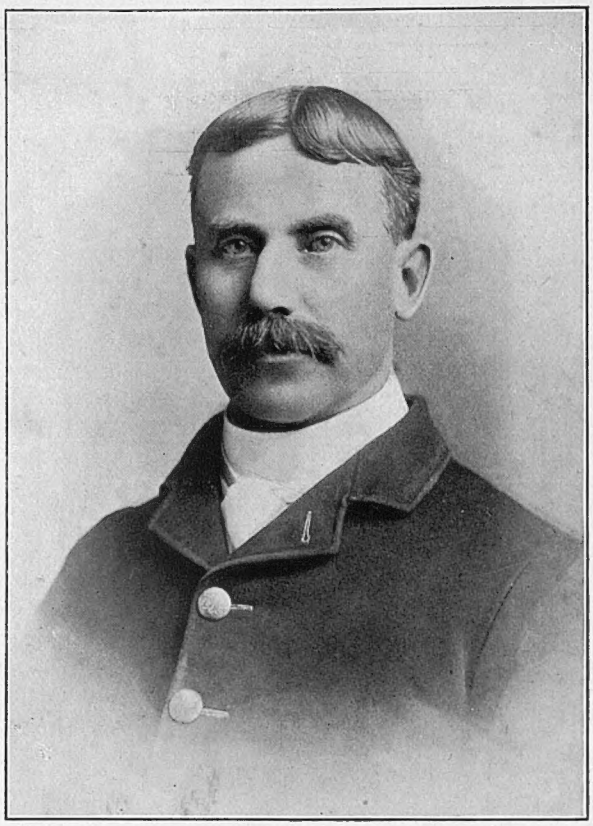

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lieut.-Colonel St. Leger Moore, C.B.

One of the best-known sporting landlords in Ireland

A Popular Sportswoman

Lady Gerard is one of our leading sportswomen, and as popular as she is well known. She is very fond of dogs, especially terriers; but her principal sport is hunting She is one of the best known figures in the hunting field, and is generally out with the crack packs, the Quorn and the Cottesmore, and rides well to hounds. Lady Gerard is the daughter of Mr. Henry B. Milner, and married the second Baron Gerard in 1877. She is the mother of the present Lord Gerard, who succeeded his father in 1902; and of the Hon. Ethel Gerard, whose marriage to Baron de Forest, adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, was another event of great interest in Roman Catholic circles, which took place about the same time as the wedding of the Duke of Norfolk.

Photos by

The Countess of Londesborough

Who recently met with an unfortunate accident while hunting with the Blankney Hounds

Langfier

Lady Gerard

A notable figure in the worlds of Society and sport

Sir Frederic Hodgson, K.C.M.G.

Sir Frederic Mitchell Hodgson, K.C.M.G., who has just returned to Barbados, has been Governor there since 1900. He has had a good experience of the Crown Colony work of the Empire, for he was ten years Colonial Secretary in the Gold Coast Colony administration, during which time he raised and commanded the Gold Coast Volunteer Corps; and he became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast in 1898, having received his V.D. in the previous year. In two years' time he was sent to Barbados. His wife, whom he married in 1883, was a daughter of Mr. W. A. G. Young, himself a Governor of the Gold Coast. Sir Frederic was at one time a Captain in the 24th Middlesex, R.V.

A Notable Duel

Those who are inclined, sometimes not without reason, to scoff at the comic opera element which pervades duelling on the Continent, must have been considerably thrilled at the realism of the drama which was recently enacted between two principals, the Chevalier Pini and Baron Athos di San Malato in a quiet paddock at Neuilly.

The differences between the two Italians are shrouded in mystery, but whether they were frivolous or otherwise they led to one of the most determined combats of recent years. Both are noted duellists and well matched, though the Chevalier carries an extra burden in the form of eighteen years. This disparity of age led to a strange concession. It was decided that there should be three minute pauses between each of the first three bouts and five minutes thereafter. The Baron shrieked with the lust of battle, and carried on a running commentary on the exigencies of the fight. His adversary, though forced back to the limit mark, displayed astonishing powers of endurance. After two hours and a half the seconds intervened. It is not often that honour is so long in the satisfying.

"L'Entente Cordiale Encore"

There were great happenings at the House of Commons on the occasion of the banquet to Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Président du Groupe Parlementaire de l'Arbitrage Internationale. Despite his most imposing title, the Baron is most unaffected and simple in his address, as becomes a leading light in the world of commerce. The speeches renewed the burning fires of the *entente cordiale*, which, it is to be trusted, will never be permitted to die out.

Photo by *Pragnell*

Sir Frederick Hodgson, K.C.M.G.

Governor of Barbados, who has been on a visit to this country

Photo by] **The Chevalier Pini** [*Gerschel*

A noted *maitre d'escrime*, who recently fought a sensational duel with Baron Athos di San Malato which lasted two and a-half hours

Photo by *Fradelle and Young*

The Dinner at the House of Commons in Honour of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant

This dinner, which was a graceful termination to the recent exchange of visits between the members of the British and French Parliaments, was presided over by Lord Brassey. Among the distinguished guests present were: Lady Brassey, Lord Strathcona, the Earl and Countess of Galloway, Sir H. Tozer, Sir Howard and Lady Vincent, and Sir Seton and Lady Kerr

Seen on Leander's Club Raft at Henley

From left to right the figures represent Sir John Edwards-Moss (who entertained the Cambridge Crew), Messrs. F. J. Escombe, and C. W. H. Taylor (coaching the Cambridge Crew), and Mr. B. G. A. Scott, Trinity Hall (cox)

"With the Long Bow"

By G. K. CHESTERTON

SENSATIONALISM OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

I began this article by writing a most eloquent peroration of it, on the fly-leaf of a sixpenny edition of Wilkie Collins's "Armadale." I do not regret the loss of the peroration but I do very much regret the loss of the book, which will inevitably lead to the expenditure of another sixpence. To begin with, that man must of necessity be contemptible who reconciles himself easily to losing the end of a story. One may very easily be contented with reading the first two chapters of such a thing, let us say, as "A Short History of the Gnostic Philosophy," or "The Truth About Mr. Balfour," but if once a thing is a story, it becomes vastly too serious a matter to be neglected. People seem to have been singularly blind to the real reason why everybody reads novels. Solemn lovers of their species lament on platforms over the preponderance of the fiction which is taken out of circulating libraries, as compared with other matter. But no one seems to see the obvious truth, that the reason why novels are preferred to books of science or philosophy, is because they are so much more important. A novel deals with a man's life. And a man's life is obviously more interesting than a man's theory. A man's life generally ends in death, which is a very romantic episode, whereas a man's theories generally end in nothing at all. Only very enthusiastic supporters of a theory would be interested in what became of that theory, whereas anyone who had ever met him would be mildly interested in what would become of a man. He might be made king or be hanged. So that there is a very real difference between tossing away a half-finished book of science, and tossing away a half-finished book of fiction. It is all the difference between throwing a book over a cliff and throwing a man.

The reason, then, why novels are more popular than other books is because they are more serious than other books. The interest we take in them is a life and death interest. I make no apology, therefore, for the remark that I originally made. Greatly as I admire the peroration which I wrote on the blank title-page of Wilkie Collins's novel, I admired even more the remarks of Wilkie Collins himself which were, so to speak, appended to it. I have read every other book of that novelist's best period, but I have not yet finished "Armadale." That is, I am convinced, the right method with all classics; we ought to read most of them as boys (I exclude the hypothesis that you were a girl), and then leave one or two of them to be read when we are bald-headed. I have not, I repeat with a sort of insolent joy, finished "Armadale." And you wish that you hadn't either. The story which cannot be finished is the story which would satisfy all of us for ever; but then we should have to insist, that though the story never finished, yet it promised at every moment to finish. I will not pursue this topic for a very excellent reason, that if I did I should end in showing the profound truth of the Christian ideal of Immortality, and should consequently be accused of irreverence.

I cannot understand why nobody has to all appearance grasped the inestimable value of these novels. In these days it is the fashion to re-discover people; why has nobody seriously re-discovered Wilkie Collins? The merely artistic merits of the man are perfectly obvious. He did admirably what all the sixpenny novelists of to-day are doing pitifully. Of the publishers who produce "Dr. Nikola," by Mr. Guy Boothby, and "Wiles of the Wicked," by Mr. William Le Queux, I can hardly believe that there is one so unbusiness-like, or so unliterary, that he would not pay the ghost of Wilkie Collins an incredible sum per month to write any of the old good sensational novels as a substitute for these feeble modern ones. Mr. Guy Boothby and Mr. William Le Queux have not degraded popular literature by making it more violent, and sensational. That is a complete slander on them. They have simply made it very much more dull and pointless. For it requires a certain amount of artifice and intensity to be sensational; and it requires the expenditure of some splendid human effort to be thoroughly vulgar. The old sensationalist of the Victorian Era in his lowest examples was more vulgar than the modern literary vulgarian. Even in that base struggle he retains his supremacy. But when we pass from the vulgar Victorian writer to the great Victorian writer like Wilkie Collins, the contrast cries aloud to heaven. His sensational story differs from the modern sensational story upon the small, but essential, point that there is a sensation. His detective story differs from the modern detective story upon the detail that in his story there is something to detect. Let no man deceive you with vain words. The Yellow Press and the new journalism have not made our bookstalls, and our fictional output, more startling, they have made them more dreary. Wilkie Collins was a better "hair raiser," if I may so express myself, than the moderns; he could have written better magazine posters. And when one adds the two incidental facts that he was a poet, and a great man of letters, they may just suffice to turn the scale in his favour.

It would be very difficult to say what was the primary inspiration or spirit of the best of Wilkie Collins's novels. The reason why it would be difficult may be easily stated. It is because it is the same inspiration

and the same spirit which makes children dislike going to bed in the dark, which makes rustics avoid the path home through the churchyard, which makes savages beat great gongs when there is an eclipse of the moon, which makes (in all probability) horses plunge and gallop round a field when there is the beginning of a thunderstorm, and which makes M. Maurice Maeterlinck write his excellent plays. This very worthy Mr. Wilkie Collins, a Victorian gentleman with enlightened views on ethics and athletics (or views which he, in common with other Victorian gentlemen imagined to be enlightened), this philanthropist with the glasses and the top hat, was really filled by a special gift from God with the terror and mystery from the forgotten temples and incredible creeds. Have you really read, or do you really remember the passage in the "Woman in White," in which touch after touch, and accident after accident, a change in the night air, the picking up of a handkerchief, gradually builds up the figure of the fresh English girl into the replica of the ghostly outcast lost on the roads? Have you read the creepy recurrences of "Armadale"? If you have you have read something important; you have read the highest literary expression of that exceedingly normal thing which is called Superstition.

"THE FOREST LOVERS"

(With apologies to Maurice Hewlett)

FROM ABROAD.

An Odd Deputation

M. Lépine, the Prefect of the Paris Police, received last week one of the oddest deputations ever man in authority received. For some time past rumours have been afoot that the bookstalls along the Seine quay-side were to be abolished; for some such utilitarian reason as that they congested traffic. But the Paris book-lover cannot do without his *al fresco* book-shops, no matter how inclement be the weather, and half a hundred of him, accompanied by as many of the book-vendors, called at the Préfecture to state their case. They have apparently had *gain de cause*, for there has been no more talk of "the cleansing of the quays," as some of the newspapers ungallantly described it. There is a curious fascination in the pottering among old books and pamphlets under any circumstances, but nowhere in the world can the bookworm practise his wriggling art with such delight as along the Seine. The great metal-lined boxes on the broad stone parapets are watched over by relics of an age when that most terrible of proverbs, "Time is Money," did not mean life at 100 horse-power speed. The old booksellers are book-lovers too, and they can talk about their books as well as sell them, and, in the case of favourites, know how to refuse a deal so gracefully that even the would-be buyer's sympathy goes out to them. And then the environment is one entirely unique. There are, of course, book quays for miles along the Seine, but the real ones, the ones your lover of old Paris cherishes, are those which face the Isle of St. Louis. The quarter is one which seems to have escaped the business microbe altogether. The houses, the shops, the inhabitants, remind one of those in some dear old provincial town, where no day has more than its twelve hours and every one of them counts double. Haussmann, when he embellished Paris, spoiled huge tracts of it for those who love historic age, but even now, in these days of electric light and telephones, the Isle of St. Louis is a relic of the past, and there would seem nothing peculiarly unusual were Charles V. and his Court to crowd round the duel ground again to see the fight Saint Foix describes between the Chevalier Macaire and the great dog of the murdered Aubin de Montdidier.

Photo by *Raphael*

The Haunt of the Book-lover in Paris

All visitors to Paris will remember the curious metal cases in which the booksellers of Paris display their wares. These extend for miles along the quayside, but they are thickest along the Quai Voltaire. Although the booksellers are wary, many a priceless literary treasure has been picked up here for a few pence

An Ice Jam on the Susquehanna River, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

This evidence of severe winter in Pennsylvania is the more striking, as the Susquehanna is a rapid mountain river which is mainly used for floating timber. The scenery along its bank is extremely varied and romantic. Our literary readers may remember that it was on the banks of this river that Coleridge and Southey proposed to found their "Pantisocracy"

Photo by] **A Snow-storm in the Boulevard St. Germains, Paris** [*Sibleigh*

Our illustration shows two of the trams which are such an ungainly feature of the principal Parisian thoroughfares

IN SEARCH OF THE SUN

CAPRI

Twenty miles from Naples is an isle
Cradled and hung in clear tranquillity,
Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air.

It is Capri, not more sung by the poets than extolled by modern seekers after the sun. Compared with other Mediterranean resorts, it must be owned that Capri is rather dead-and-alive. For those who content themselves, however, with boating and sailing the place is almost ideal; while the scenery around the island is so beautiful as to have attracted a permanent little colony of artists. One of the most popular excursions is the "Giro," or row round the island, taking in the grottoes and caverns for which Capri is famed. The best known is the Blue Grotto, the walls and roof of which sparkle with precious stones of deep rich blue. Any object placed in the water becomes of frosted silver tinted with blue. The visitor, who has been crouching down in the boat in its passage through a narrow entrance three feet in width, to the cavern, fairly gasps as these splendours burst upon him like a vision of fairyland. In our illustration is shown another celebrated grotto, the Fra Felice, upon the steeps of which a club house and grounds are in course of construction.

The Terrace of the Fra Felice Grotto
An ideal spot for a quiet read on a warm afternoon

The Fra Felice Grotto Club Room, Showing Another View of the Terrace

THE SUN DISCOVERED!—AT CAPRI

A Charming View from the Grotto Terrace

As will be seen by our illustration, the Island of Capri consists of little else than wild, rugged masses of rock, of stern, forbidding aspect, with here and there patches of the most luxuriant vegetation which remind one of the Isles of Greece

The Fra Felice Club Room and Grounds, as Seen from a Neighbouring Abutment

This picture gives a still better impression of the grand masses of rock which form the Island of Capri, and gives a good idea of the romantic situation of the new club room and grounds of the Fra Felice Grotto, now in course of construction

CONCERNING SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

See the Supplement, by Phil May, presented with this number.

The Right Hon. Sir William George Granville Venables Vernon-Harcourt (that is all there is of it) has lived through as many remarkable social and political experiences as most men of his time; for he began quasi-public life very early, and he is only now quitting it at the great age of seventy-seven.

Sir William has known on terms of close intimacy men so diverse as Gladstone and Disraeli. He has led his Party in the House of Commons, and before he resigned his official place in the Party councils he had exerted for many years, as leader or lieutenant, a strong (and possibly not always a benevolent) influence on the fortunes of Parliamentary Liberalism. He has been in succession Solicitor-General, Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has had his life threatened by dynamiters; indeed, it was said at the time when Gladstone was trying coercion in Ireland, in the early eighties, that no member of the Government was more harassed by the threats of these conspirators than Sir William Harcourt, who pushed the Explosives Act through the House of Commons in remarkably quick time.

He has seen crisis after crisis in the history of his Party, and in all of them his course appears, when we look at it now, to have been governed by nobler motives than the mere self-seeking which some have alleged against him. His devotion to Gladstone seems to have influenced him more than anything else at the time of the Home Rule split, and on at least one previous occasion, if rumour is to be trusted at all, he withstood the blandishments with which Disraeli tried to detach him from his political allegiance. He has had a period of supreme triumph as a parliamentary debater—the period of Gladstone's Ministry after the Midlothian campaign, when Sir William Harcourt's whole forces of sarcasm and rhetoric were constantly employed in the defence of the Government, in which he figured as Home Secretary. He has had a triumph of statesmanship no less remarkable in his famous Budget, with its introduction of the new graduated Death Duties; and his conduct of that measure to success against bitter opposition, and with a tiny majority, without once employing the Closure (a thing he hated utterly from the first), is perhaps the most notable Parliamentary feat of our times.

The late Phil May made the sketch of Sir William, which forms our Supplement this week, in 1902, at a time when, though holding no official place in the Opposition, he would often intervene very powerfully in debate. He was then well over seventy, and it need not be said that the days of his fullest vigour, finest fire and most magnificent efforts were not those days; yet to the last he has preserved a Parliamentary manner and a debating force, belonging to a generation vanished now, which have been as effective as anything directed against the Government benches.

Power and place Sir William Harcourt—like other people—has always sought; popularity, we must suppose, never. To suppose otherwise would be a reflection on his talents. It is possible that he has made as many enemies as jokes. Yet one who has never been so unfortunate as to cross his path may confess to a certain immoral feeling of admiration for a man who has endured the hostility of his contemporaries so constantly and so light-heartedly. It testifies to a generous inability to creep into what one wants, to a fine, full-blooded resolve to attain it rather by sheer force of personality. A smaller man would have been more careful to make friends and keep them. Nothing about Sir William reminds one more of the eighteenth century—the century which he himself admires and studies in preference to all others—than his gladiatorial way of taking public life.

Moreover, when once the armour of political controversy is laid aside, none could be more genial, more spontaneously friendly and courteous than Sir William Harcourt is with those who are privileged to know him; and his domestic life has always been singularly free from unhappiness. Between Sir William and Lord Rosebery, it is common knowledge, very little love is lost; but Lord Rosebery has made public reference to the devotion of Mr. Lewis Harcourt to his father as one of the beautiful things in English public life. When Sir William refused a peerage some years ago, he did so only when he had ascertained that the refusal would not be a disappointment to his son.

Few men can have sacrificed so much to political life as Sir William Harcourt: for at the time he entered politics he was obliged, by the custom of his profession, to give up a practice at the Parliamentary Bar which was worth thousands a year. As a youth of twenty-five he was stirring up politics by his anonymous letters on "The Morality of Public Men." He was, with Lord Salisbury, one of the brilliant band of writers on the early *Saturday Review*, and got the credit—and the enmity—attaching to the most trenchant of its articles. As "Historicus" he made the *Times* the medium of a series of remarkable lectures on international law, of which he was long the Whewell Professor at Cambridge. He was, and is, a sound Latin scholar, a confirmed student of literature, and a man of boundless information. Above all, he was from the first, one of the best talkers and most noted wits in English society.

It is not known who first called him after the eminent elephant *Jumbo*, though there has never been a happier nickname. And it is not only in stature or in style that Sir William Harcourt is recognised as towering over his fellows. In mind and in nature he is framed on a large and imposing plan; and he is one of the last men keeping alive the traditions of the great Whig aristocracy whose blood is in his veins.

LITTLE POTTER'S "HUMAN INTEREST"

or,

The Tribulations of an Amateur Photographer in Search of "Local Colour"

LITTLE POTTER an ardent amateur photographer very justly prides himself upon the human interest he gets into his rural pictures HERE he has just engaged a set of models "racy of the soil," to give "local colour" to one of his masterpieces.

HE has just grouped them in appropriate pastoral poses, simple & graceful, when an "undesirable" volunteers to make the picture perfect by posing himself MR POTTER has to summon all his courage to firmly decline.

"IF I aint good enough fer yer pitcher" remarks the would-be collaborator as he enters the neighbouring hostelry "then there wont be no pitcher - you wait."

WATCHING his opportunity, he tosses a (bad) penny amongst the models at the very moment little Potter exposes the plate. The resulting picture is not what Mr Potter desired; the "interest" being too "human" to be artistic.

"At the Sign of the Times"

WANTED—FURTHER REVELATIONS ABOUT THE "SMART SET"

The Deplorable Absence of Information

Why is it that none of our writers has divulged to us the manners and customs of the Smart Set? Of politicians, convicts, stockbrokers, lawyers, Thames-side watermen *et hoc genus omne* (as the school-boy said), we know enough and more than enough. Time and again we have visited with our heroes the inside of Pentonville or the Cabinet: nor would most of us who subscribe to Mudie be at a loss what to do and say in The House or on a coal-barge. Of the Smart Set we know nothing.

Concerning the "Smart Set"

Looking back over the last decade I can only discover two or three attempts made by writers to introduce us to that exclusive body. One attempt consisted of Dodo—now hopelessly antiquated and never—I am told—really smart: another of Elizabeth whose visits were too brief to be satisfactory to our middle classes. The third attempt was Rita's. And that, as I gather from an amusing skit upon it called "Sandford of the 'Smart Set'" (by Mr. Desmond Coke), was too severe to be entirely praiseworthy. Though, like Miss Blinders of the skit, I have never mixed with the Smart Set myself, I cannot quite agree with Mr. Coke on this point. I know nothing of the Smart Set (except that the people who come in latest and talk loudest at the opera belong to it), but I have always cherished an ideal of it. Judged by that ideal, Rita's denunciations fell short in quite the opposite direction. They seemed to me too mild.

In Spite of the Efforts

Perhaps it will be more correct to say that her revelations were too mild. The denunciations, on second thoughts, were certainly not couched in a complimentary strain. The revelations, on the other hand, and the accusations were lenient in the extreme. For what did they amount to? No more than that the Smart Set were fickle, inconsequent, spendthrift, vulgar, vacuous, immodest, effeminate—somewhat immoral in short and entirely useless. I call that a very moderate list of charges—considering that it is brought against the Smart Set. If I could do nothing better than that, I should have let the matter drop. If Rita really did her best—and I am in hopes that perhaps she did not do her best and may try another time with more success—if she did her best, I am disappointed. Another ideal has been broken.

Of Rita

I used to conceive of so much more lurid a Smart Set than anything Rita has attacked—a Smart Set so indefinitely smart and awful that words would fail to describe it. I conceived it, as I thought, logically enough. What—I asked myself—is the reason of our possessing a Smart Set? Why do we tolerate these "drones and butterflies"? The answer seemed obvious. In order that they may act as an awful warning. In order that we may speak of them with bated breath. In order that our preachers may not lack a text; nor our satirists a moral. The Restoration Smart Set served these purposes; so, I imagine, did the Smart Set of the time of the Borgias; so without doubt did the Smart Set of the Georgian period which had for its brightest ornament Charles James Fox. These purposes were served best of all perhaps by the Smart Set of that time when, as Swinburne has written,

> First the devil threw dice with God
> For you, Faustine.

Induces the Writer to Trust

I saw those times of Imperial Rome compared, quite seriously in a recent popular novel, with our own; and I re-read Juvenal on the strength of the comparison and wondered at the wickedness of our Smart Set. Rita has reassured me, as well as disappointed me. She has disappointed me because, just as I should (with a certain well-known Professor of History at Oxford) prefer a murderer to be a good murderer, so I should have preferred the Smart Set to be a good—that is to say—a thorough-paced Smart Set. She has reassured me by showing that it possesses only the most bourgeois and commonplace vices.

That Merely as a Warning to Outsiders

Indeed I am not sure—from reading Rita—that it is a jot wickeder than the vast horde of outsiders. Ping-pong, motoring, bridge, physical-culture, gambling, beautification in Bond Street—these vile indulgences are not unknown (with the exception of the last possibly) to the inhabitants of (say) Upper Tooting. And they would go to Bond Street to be made beautiful, if there were any need. Maybe the Smart Set indulges more frequently, plunges more heavily. It may even go more than penny points at bridge. What then? If it wished to compare with the Smart Sets of the good old days, its members would lose millions of pounds a night. I never heard of one doing so—not even a South African member. No, we are the greatest nation in the world at the time of civilisation's highest development, but I cannot think—from reading Rita—that we have a Smart Set worthy of the name.

Some Further Chronicles of their Doings

No one can come to such a conclusion without observing the pathos of it. To aim at being exclusive and foolish, and not to succeed in being exclusively foolish—that is to fail miserably. To strive

after matchless vulgarity and find Upper Tooting treading on one's heels—this must surely be distressful to Mayfair. It must look to the Smart Set as though it were losing its *raison d'être*. It induces dire questions. What reasons can the Smart Set find for its existence, if not the reasons I have named? And why do we, the outsiders, bear with it, if it be no longer an Awful Warning? I cannot answer the first question; and I can only throw out a suggestion in reply to the second.

May be Written

The suggestion is that—granting the Smart Set is no longer an Awful Warning, inasmuch as it fails to be inimitable—it is still a warning of a kind. Before, it warned by its very remoteness and impracticability: no outsider could hope to parallel its sins and scandals. Now it warns by the simplicity of its methods and the ease with which they are copied. The Smart Set's sins are like the Smart Set's hats (which is, by the way, a sentence not easy to repeat rapidly) — not exclusive designs. Inconsequence, vulgarity, fickleness, immodesty — the list may be ticked off again in Upper Tooting. Only, of course, we find the vices more pronounced in the Smart Set. It is more interesting to study them there; they are on a larger scale: they do not look so much as if they belonged to us. That is why I suggested at the beginning of this article that writers might tell us more than they do about the Smart Set, in whose eyes the beam is. They might reveal some virtue in the course of time—as imitable as some of their vices — such a virtue for example as the lack of hypocrisy.

MINIMUS.

SOPHISTRY

Disgusted Purchaser: "There's nothing about a naval battle in this."

Newsboy: "That's orl right, guvnor. On page 2, Fight between two sailors, Whitechapel wye."

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"G. F. Watts." By G. K. Chesterton. Illustrated. (Duckworth's Popular Library of Art: 2*s.* 6d. net.)

"Adventures on the Roof of the World." Another illustrated volume of true tales of mountain adventure. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Shooting Trip to Kamchatka." By Prince E. Demidoff. (Rowland Ward: 21*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"The Magnetic North." By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Celebrity at Home." By Violet Hunt. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"Life in a Garrison Town." By Lieutenant Bilse. (The military novel suppressed by the German Government.) (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Strong Mac." By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

A Defence of "Sarah Jennings"

"Duchess Sarah." By Mrs. Arthur Colville. (Longmans: London. 1904.)

Much has been written about Sarah the great Duchess of Marlborough, and it is almost surprising that anything new can be said about that wonderful personality; indeed, any claim which Mrs. Colville's book may have upon the attention of the reader must be based upon the point of view from which it is written. It is really a defence of the Duchess against her many detractors in literature, and at this the authoress hints in her preface when she remarks: "Much has been made of her faults, but few writers have enlarged on her many excellent qualities, her real goodness of heart, or her opinions. . . . . '*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*'" After all, it is only natural that Mrs. Colville, as a descendant of the Duchess, should take up the cudgels in her defence, and, in fact, it is the very bias with which the book is written which gives the latter its chief interest. With the historical and political side of the book it is unnecessary to deal; it will suffice to say that in this respect the work shows with sufficient lucidity the conflicting interests at stake during that somewhat confusing period of English history. Sarah received an appointment at the Court of Charles II., and her surroundings were not such as would naturally tend to teach her the self-restraint which she so greatly needed. "Quarrels at Court were of frequent occurrence, sometimes even in the presence of royalty. . . . Candlesticks were called into requisition and freely thrown about to emphasise the disputants' remarks." Indeed, it was not fashionable to exercise any control over the temper; in later years when Sarah called upon Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, but then a young and obscure barrister, and found him out, her behaviour was such that the clerk remarked to his master on the latter's return: "I could not make out, sir, who she was, for she would not tell me her name: but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality." She was quite well aware of her failing, and in one of her letters remarks, "You know my way to tumble out the truth just as it comes into my head." Freedom of speech appears to have been a family characteristic. Witness the following anecdote of Frances, one of Sarah's sisters, who married "Lying Dick Talbot," afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel:

> After the battle [of the Boyne] the unfortunate James fled to Dublin, where he told Lady Tyrconnel that her compatriots had run away. With something of the old spirit of Frances Jennings, she replied, "If they have, sire, your Majesty seems to have won the race."

On one occasion Sarah received an amusing, though unintentional, reproof from Bishop Burnet:

> The Bishop's absence of mind was well known. When dining with the Duchess, after Marlborough's fall, he compared the Duke to Belisarius. "But," said the Duchess eagerly, "how came it that such a man was so miserable and universally deserted?" "Oh, Madame," exclaimed the distrait prelate, "he had such a brimstone of a wife!"

As far as her relations with her husband went, Sarah was a most devoted wife, and their correspondence during periods of enforced separation, shows the deep affection which existed between them. After the duke's death, his widow received two offers of marriage—from Lord Coningsby and the Duke of Somerset—but she refused them both, saying to the latter, "that if he were the Emperor of the World she would 'not permit him to succeed to the heart which had been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough.'" These offers, by the way, were no small tribute to her personal charms, since she was at that time over sixty years of age.

In dealing with the final estrangement between Anne and the duchess, the authoress treats the former

a little inconsiderately in judging her according to the evidence afforded by the latter's memoirs. Sarah was very imperious, and, though her generosity was unbounded, she expected her friends always to treat her with the deference due to a patron. Her attitude towards the queen is well illustrated in one of her letters, "I considered her as a child in very ill hands." Add to this her tendency to give vent in the heat of the moment to expressions of which she bitterly repented, and it is only natural that Anne, when she became accustomed to receiving universal homage as queen, should have resented the domineering manner of her friend, to which as an obscure princess she had taken no exception. In any case, the queen treated the duchess fairly in keeping her promise to bestow on the latter the rangership of Windsor Park. With respect to the social life of the day, there is much that is entertaining; it is interesting to recall the fact that the institution of the high-backed pew was due to the complaint made to Anne by Dr. Burnet that the ladies of the Court looked about them and not at him during his sermons. One other reminiscence:

It is said that the custom of "toasting" originated at Bath. A famous beauty was bathing one day, surrounded by several young gallants. They dipped their glasses in the water and drank her health. One of these, being rather the worse for drink, swore he did not like the liquor, but would get the "toast," and could hardly be restrained from jumping into the water after her. He referred to the practice of the day, of adding a piece of toast to the spiced wine or other beverage.

Reproduced from a photogravure illustration to "Duchess Sarah." (Longmans, Green and Co.)

After all, one need not deprecate, from every point of view, the decline of "gallantry" in these prosaic days. There is, as has been said, nothing actually new in the book, but the chief characters and the time at which they lived have a perennial interest; the authoress has evidently taken great pains in collating a vast amount of material, and in her treatment of it displays considerable originality. It is true that there are one or two minor defects of style, mainly in the use of the relative, but this is a small point, and the book remains an interesting, though favourable, picture of a great woman. The illustrations, from well-known paintings, are admirable; and there is an index of twenty-four pages of close type. T. A. J.

"Jarwick the Prodigal." By Tom Gallon. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The work of Mr. Tom Gallon grows more and more popular, and shows less and less effort. The effects grow broader and broader, and cheaper and cheaper; at one time it showed promise of qualities that appeal to the intelligent, now it appeals definitely to that large literary circle, the ripe but undiscriminating product of the board schools. In this book everything is sacrificed to bald but sensational incident. There is no weak pandering to probability or coherence, no enervating pity for the long arm of coincidence: that useful limb is not only hard at work all through the book, but at times it is fairly dragged from its socket. The hero, Randal Jarwick, is a convict who escapes from prison, changes clothes with a stunned warder, and again with an old gentleman fishing. Then he breaks into a house, and finds a murdered man sitting at a card-table. By a curious coincidence it turns out to be the house of his father, Simon Jarwick, the blind head of a gang of criminals, who has just committed the murder, and is busy fastening the crime on a young gentleman of the neighbourhood. Simon at once proceeds to establish Randal in the position of long-lost son to a rich neighbour, named Rowley, an amazing duffer, with the intention of plundering him, with Randal's help. A sentimentality, left quite incredible, evoked by Rowley's niece, decides Randal to spoil this plan. By way of doing so, he goes out leaves the window open, and enables it to be carried out with the greatest ease. Then he sets about recovering the property, scrip, money, and jewels in a seaman's chest, and with an effortless idiocy allows his father to plant him with a similar seaman's chest containing the body of the gentleman murdered at the card-table. Thanks to the imbecility of his astute father he exchanges chests, and then with the intelligence of an alligator allows himself to be recaptured by the police. He escapes again, for no purpose apparently but to make further displays of egregious folly. A thoughtful consideration of the workings of his mind assures us that he ought never to have been confined in a prison at all, but in a lunatic asylum. At the same time we admit that to make him appear a man of resource and intelligence Mr. Gallon was absolutely compelled to make the rest of his characters blithering imbeciles. In this he has beyond all question succeeded.

"Old Shropshire Life." By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell. (Lane.)

Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell has written a book of pretty or sensational stories; but they hardly present a picture of old Shropshire life, since the

characters in them move in a melodramatic atmosphere of sentimentality or sensationalism very far removed from real life in any place or any time. A liberal sprinkling af the old customs and superstitions of the county does not make up for this lack. "The Major's Leap" tells of a young gentleman of quality who falls under the evil influence of a wicked tutor and turns highwayman, and of his old nurse's vengeance on that wicked tutor for betraying him. "Christ's Tree" tells of the danger of killing a robin and cutting down an elder-tree, either action causing a death. "The Witch's Unguent" and "The Strange Knife" tell of witchcraft and confusion ending in matricide. "The Witch's Cock" and "The Holy Well" contain old customs and superstitions; "The Return of Joy" tells of the stealing and recovery of a child stolen by gipsies. On the whole, it would seem that old Shropshire life enjoyed something of a profusion of sensational bloodshed.

E. J.

"Trout Fishing." By W. Earl Hodgson. (Adam and Charles Black.)

Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, treats his subject in a very compact and interesting manner, at the same time telling many little incidents of days with friends by stream and lake. The arrangement of the illustrations of flies and their best killing months should prove very useful to men who do not fish enough to become accustomed to recognising their flies and the best time to use them. The pages devoted to the subject of wind, temperature, and light, and their effects upon fish, lovers of the sport will find exceptionally good reading, providing food for thought on a subject which all anglers have to take into consideration. Perhaps this is even a more difficult question than what flies should be used, for the effects of climate upon the sport of angling often provide a puzzle which the most expert angler finds difficulty in solving. Full of practical hints, this is a book which should be in every sportsman's library. M. D.

Books to Appear Shortly

Two books which are likely to be among the favourites of the season—from the novel reader's point of view—are both due to-morrow week, the 24th. One is a new study of a modern woman, "The Woman with the Fan," by Robert Hichens, and the other is a posthumous volume of short stories by Henry Seton Merriman. Fortunately, this is not the only literary legacy to come from the brilliant author, whose worth as a writer is only fully appreciated now that he is gone. Henry Seton Merriman's last long novel, however, is not expected in book form before the autumn. Mr. Hichens's new heroine is something of an enigma to many people—beautiful, sceptical, and with "a temperament touched with magic." Fate sticks her in the dust, and in the dust she finds herself, the woman who scarcely believed in her own existence until she came face to face with despair.

Mr. S. S. Thorburn, late Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, has written a book on "The Punjab in Peace and War, taking us back to the rise of the Sikhs under Runjit Singh, the famous "Lion of the Punjab," and the splendid deeds of the army of the Khalsa, which, drilled by Napoleon's old officers, disputed the supremacy of the British under Lord Gough in the first and second Sikh campaigns. "Another such action," said Sir Harry Hardinge, after Ferozeshad, which came perilously near to being a defeat for the British forces, "will shake the Empire." The whole story of these two wars, and the loyalty of the conquered Sikhs during the Mutiny, make one of the most remarkable chapters in British history. Mr. Thorburn's work is to come from Messrs. Blackwood.

By a fortunate coincidence we are receiving—from Messrs. Macmillan—a new life of the first Marquess of Dalhousie, one of the greatest rulers India ever had. It was Dalhousie who took over the Viceroyalty at the time when the situation in the Punjab was at its most critical stage, and succeeded in starting British India on a real path of progress. His life is now told by Sir William Lee-Warner, Secretary in the Political and Secret Departments of the India Office from 1895 to 1903, who is able, from authoritative sources, to reply to the captious criticisms which, here and there, have been passed upon Dalhousie's rule.

Mr. John Goldworth Alger, formerly one of the *Times* correspondents in Paris, has been looking through the records of "Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives, 1801—1815," and has written a book under that title, which Messrs. Constable are to publish. It describes the rush to Paris of British tourists—many of them persons of historic fame—immediately the Treaty of Amiens had put an end, for the time being, to the war which had shut them out of the French capital since 1793. But England was not satisfied with the terms of the treaty; the peace was abruptly broken again, and the unlucky tourists who lingered in Paris were trapped and detained for a long period of years. The personal history and adventures of many of these individuals were traced by Mr. Alger with much piquancy of detail.

While Mr. Alger has been writing about the British visitors to Paris of a hundred years ago, "A Foreign Resident" has been dealing with the England of to-day in a book about to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of "Society in the New Reign." The chief note of novelty in the book is the suggested possibility of the gradual supercession of Parliamentary administration by a bureaucracy of which King Edward might act as the first President. The temper of Society towards such a contingency is kept in view throughout the volume.

One of a numerous batch of colour books already promised by Messrs. Black is a book on the Alps by Sir Martin Conway, painted by Mr. A. D. McCormick, who knows the mountains as well as any artist living. Sir Martin Conway by no means confines himself to the Alps in his letterpress. He has drawn upon his reminiscences of thirty seasons of mountaineering in many parts of the world, and has attempted to tell something of what mountains in general, and the Alps in particular, have been to him.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"A Latter-Day Saint"

The title, I know, is suggestive of the unspeakable Mormon, but it has been applied to Count Tolstoy by M. de Pressensé, the distinguished French publicist, and doubtless the long-haired, coarsely clad zealots whom one is frequently meeting in London now, would readily accept it as a true definition of their beloved master. There is no doubt that Tolstoyism is steadily increasing in England, though it is yet far from being the fad it has become in America, the elysium of faddists. There is now a magazine called the *Tolstoyan*, which represents the rational side of his teachings. Of late there have been fewer alarmist paragraphs about the state of the Count's health, although it is not long since the papers ran a sort of "Tolstoy Day by Day" column. If you have a file of *M.A.P.*, you will find "T. P." eloquent for two pages, headed "At Tolstoi's Death-Bed," in the issue for February 22, 1902. Tolstoy is still very much alive, although in his seventy-sixth year. More than a year ago he was understood to be engaged on his autobiography; but I have heard nothing further about that project since then.

Photo by *Riepire*

Count Leo Tolstoy,
The Apostle of Liberty in Russia

Tolstoy and "the Simple Life"

It is curious how his devotion to "the simple life" has not affected his own family, of which only one daughter seems to sympathise with his ideas of renunciation. His wife, the Countess Tolstoy, conforms to the luxurious habits of the Russian aristocracy, and so do all her children, with the one exception. It must be a quaint household; yet Countess Tolstoy appears to be a devoted wife none the less, and she wrote a profoundly moving public letter at the time of his excommunication from the Greek Orthodox Church, now nearly three years ago, in which she stood by her husband. It seems to me that M. de Pressensé, in a contribution to the *Aurore*, very happily described Tolstoy and his doctrine:

> Tolstoy's intensity and whole-souled honesty give his writings a conquering power (he wrote). If ever a man cultivated the spirit and sacrificed the letter, it is Tolstoy. In Christianity he has kept nothing but the Gospel, in the Gospel nothing but Christ, in Christ, having brushed aside miracles and dogma, he keeps nothing but the Living Word, precepts of conduct, practical teaching. By a curious contradiction, however, this iconoclast, having destroyed the letter for the sake of the spirit, instals again the letter in his religion of the spirit. To these parables, counsels, teachings of Christ, which he has extracted from the husk, he attributes a literal meaning, an absolute value, an unchanging interpretation, and he rests his pyramid of salvation on the fragile point of non-resistance. This contradiction shows once more that there is a limit to the highest intelligence.

George Moore and Pierre Loti

Mr. George Moore seems bent on shocking us, and, incidentally, attracting attention to—shall we say, George Moore?—by smashing, with his "ould" Irish shillelagh, some of the graven images in the temple of our literary gods. But, perhaps, "Avowals" was written with his tongue in his cheek. Not so his new series of "Confessions of a Young Man," now appearing in *Lippincott's*. It is sixteen years since he wrote the first series, and one may question the suitability of the title to-day. In one of his latest chapters I note that he has been delivering himself of some very interesting opinions on the genius of M. Loti. He appears to agree with Zola in thinking that there is no humanity in Loti's work, of which he has only read "Le Désert" and means to read no other, "fearing disillusion." Curiously enough, he asserts that he does not accept Zola's view of Loti; but immediately goes on to prove that he does. "What is admirable in Loti, what gives him his originality, is his indifference to human beings; he leads us away from our troubles, and interests us in the vast, mysterious sky, and we feel our littleness among the granite rocks of Sinai." Surely this is just another way of saying what Zola said: "The sky and the air are more to Pierre Loti than humanity." There are some charming passages in Mr. Moore's study—or, rather, his impression—of this great French writer, but he only succeeds in proving the danger of "generalising from the particular," and if he will read "Pêcheur d'Islande" he

will find one of the most intensely human studies of the emotions ever written. I know of nothing in literature which, for simplicity of method and poignancy of effect, quite equals the description of Sylvestre's parting from his grandmother at Brest.

Lady Lugard

A fortnight ago Lady Lugard read, before the Society of Arts, a most interesting and important paper on the development of Nigeria. Of course, her ladyship had won for herself a reputation in her own field of work almost as great as that of her husband in his, before her marriage to Sir Frederick Lugard, in 1902. Indeed, as Miss Flora Shaw, she achieved a distinction even more remarkable than anything a mere man could hope to attain to; for she acted during several years as the head of the colonial department of the *Times*, and undertook many important commissions for our leading newspaper in distant parts of the Empire, having been its "special commissioner" even to the Klondyke in the early days of the gold fever there. Her knowledge of colonial questions is profound, and has been acquired chiefly at first hand, her pluck as a traveller, under the most unfavourable conditions, entitling her to no small amount of fame. Withal, Lady Lugard is essentially a womanly woman, and in her appearance there is nothing suggestive of the masculine nature of her attainments. She is described as "a woman of middle-age, brown-haired, of neat *svelte* figure, the slender, almost angular proportions of which give one the impression not of constitutional delicacy, but of compact wiry strength and nerves of steel," and she has "a quiet, resolute face, lighted by keen eyes, and the thin tightened lips which speak of endurance and will-power." Lady Lugard is a daughter of the Army, her father having been the late General Shaw, and her husband, who is now High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, has been a distinguished soldier. When at home in England Sir Frederick and Lady Lugard reside at Abinger Common, in Surrey, amid scenes which afford a vivid contrast to the surroundings of Government House at Zungeru, in West Africa.

Photo by **Lady Lugard** *Russell*

The well-known author and traveller, who recently lectured on Nigeria before the Society of Arts

The Scots that Don't Go Back

One often hears Dr. Johnson's dictum quoted as to the most pleasing prospect that opens before the eyes of a Scotsman—the high-road to London—and jokes about the rareness of a Caledonian returning to his native heath are daily perpetrated in the badinage of Fleet Street. But fact is often more remarkable than fancy, and a confession which Mr. J. A. Manson, the assistant editor of the new edition of a certain great work which I rejoice to think can no longer be had on "the *Times* instalment system," made to me the other evening offers a case in point. Thirty-four years ago he came up from Edinburgh for a fortnight's holiday in London, and he has never returned, except on a short visit to his native country! Better; he still possesses his return ticket, issued in 1870, and quite recently he had it framed, as proof that when he came south he at least intended to return. Mr. Manson, who is now in his fifty-third year, has spent the most of his London life in the literary service of the great firm of Cassell's, retiring from the chief editorship of that house in 1900. He found a place on their staff when he came on his first and only visit to London, a youth of nineteen. He is the eldest son of the late J. B. Manson, who edited that memorable newspaper, the *Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"Hawthorne and his Circle"

I hope we shall have an English edition of a book which has been published recently in America and is meeting with a hearty reception there, "Hawthorne and his Circle," by Julian Hawthorne, the son of the celebrated American author, and himself a novelist of no mean attainments. The narrative begins just before the writing of "The Scarlet Letter," when Hawthorne, deprived of his income from the Customs Department at Salem, was forced to turn to putting on paper the story that had been in his mind for a long time. When it was done, Julian says:

> One day a big man, with a brown beard and shining brown eyes, who bubbled over with enthusiasm and fun, made his appearance and talked volubly about something, and went away again, and my father and mother smiled at each other. "The Scarlet Letter" had been written, and James T. Fields had read it and declared it the greatest book of the age. So that was the last of Salem.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is only two years short of sixty, "the grand climacteric," as the dear old "Autocrat" was fond of saying. He has spent a good deal of his life abroad, and lived for seven years in London or its neighbourhood after he gave up the profession of engineering, in 1871, to devote himself entirely to literature. From 1877 to 1881 he was a reviewer on the *Spectator*. J. A. H.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE DUMPTON ROMANCE

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

Yes—in Dumpton, a romance, a veritable romance! Were this the month of August there would be no reason to marvel at romance in Dumpton: for, at that season, graceful as well as dashing visitors from the London suburbs pace the Dumpton pier, and idle on the Dumpton sands, and at sunset and in the moonlight—sentimental hours—softly and emotionally agree that life is sweet, that life is beautiful. From the band, dreamy waltzes. Long, long walks to the very end of the esplanade; and, *en route*, glow-worms, perhaps a fire-fly. Stars and stars; moons and moons; sighs and sighs. In fact—

"Dear, dear Dumpton!"

But in February, gloom. A bleak pier, and sopping sands. Wind and rain, and not a graceful or a dashing visitor in the whole of Dumpton. Throughout the winter the inhabitants of Dumpton—some five thousand unimaginative and unromantic souls—remain in a kind of stupor: nod over novels, crochet work, and knitting; gaze vacantly out of their windows; yawn and stretch themselves, then try hard to account for the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Baldwin's terrier.

Stout, the terrier; in the shades of superannuation, and fond of comforts. Why, then, should he stray: he, aged thirteen, who was born in Dumpton, and knew every crescent, every villa? Never had a terrier a happier home, a fonder mistress. Mrs. Baldwin's attachment to her terrier—by name Jupiter—is amply proved by her present state of acute prostration. If further proof be needed, it can be gathered in the High Street, where, in every shop-window, on half a sheet of pale grey note-paper and in Mrs. Baldwin's own handwriting, is an elaborate description of poor dear Jupiter: and, again, in High Street, every morning at eleven, when the town-crier raises his voice and rings his bell in the interests of the missing Jupiter. All the time, Jupiter. Nothing but Jupiter. Perhaps Jupiter is starving; perhaps Jupiter is dead. One thought, one cry, one theme: Jupiter. But, suddenly, in the midst of the Dumpton Mystery, the Dumpton Romance; the stirring and intoxicating romance, in which Mr. Percy Baldwin (only son of the sorrowing mistress of Jupiter, and sole heir of Mr. Gregory Baldwin, solicitor) lost his heart to a golden-haired, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed Cinderella.

Ah, Mr. Percy Baldwin, these Cinderellas! Which of us, while admiring them from his seat, has not aspired to the honour of knowing them in actual life? Which of us has not schemed, plotted, racked his brains, to find some means of paying them homage? Which of us, in his early, emotional youth has not lost his head and heart to some fascinating Cinderella? Therefore, Mr. Percy Baldwin, it is excusable that you should immediately forget poor Jupiter when you set eyes upon Cinderella for the first time in the Dumpton Public Hall. Only an obscure, a third-rate touring company, visiting the obscure, third-rate towns; only a company of fifteen—six of whom constitute the chorus, only in Dumpton for a week: in the draughty Public Hall. But Cinderella has golden hair; and this Cinderella is the first Cinderella, you, Mr. Percy Baldwin, have ever seen; and so—not once do your thoughts recur to a homeless, hungry, weary terrier, portly and superannuated, who seeks valiantly to retrace his steps, yet goes hopelessly astray. He is faint and footsore, whereas Cinderella (according to the bills) is "sparkling." He has to pause through sheer exhaustion, while she sings and dances vivaciously. He was once your pet, but now she has become your idol. Ah, Mr. Percy Baldwin, you in your "fancy" waistcoat and high collar, with your pale face, slight stoop, and somewhat vapid expression; you, aged seventeen, with your eyes fixed upon Cinderella, there and then make up your mind to meet and serve her: and away go all thought, all esteem, all anxiety for Jupiter.

"One-and-ninepence," says the young lady in the confectioner's.

Chocolates! A box of Dumpton chocolates; and the buyer is Mr. Percy Baldwin, and the chocolates are for Cinderella. And again Mr. Percy Baldwin witnesses the pantomime in the Public Hall; again he admires—now he adores—Cinderella. And when Clorinda and Elizabeth, the Ugly Sisters, harass and insult Cinderella, Mr. Percy Baldwin plots and schemes and racks his brains to find a means of offering her the chocolates, and paying her little compliments, and assuring her of his admiration and devotion. Perhaps, in return, she will invite him to tea. Possibly, she will allow him to see her to and from the Public Hall. He will then hear all about actors and actresses, all about the stage. He may even be permitted to go behind the scenes. And he flushes at the prospect of such privileges, such honours; and, after infinite reflection, he resolves to lie in wait for Cinderella in The Nook next door, where the Public Hall performers refresh themselves after their night's work is over. So, into The Nook goes Mr. Percy Baldwin; and for Mr. Percy Baldwin, a glass of claret and lemonade. And he sips, and he smokes a cigarette; and in his heart is hope and on his lips is his first compliment, and in his voice when he calls for a second claret and lemonade) is emotion, and in his pocket is the box of Dumpton chocolates.

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"Stout and bitter, my dear—three times," says a hoarse voice. Clorinda, no less! And with Clorinda the second Ugly Sister, Elizabeth; and also Mr. Bill Spalding, the Baron. Fat gentlemen, clean shaven, with large mouths; in caps and rough overcoats. All three blow the froth on their beer off on to the floor, drink deeply, smack their lips.

"Never 'ad such a thirst," says Clorinda.

"Got a fag?" inquires the Baron.

"Give our noble friend a twopenny smoke," says Elizabeth to the barman.

Nearer and nearer comes Mr. Percy Baldwin. Another step, and he stands next to Clorinda. In a voice trembling with emotion he says,

"I think yours is a splendid pantomime. I have seen it twice. And—it must be awfully jolly to be on the stage."

Amazed, the three comedians stare at Mr. Percy Baldwin. And Mr. Percy Baldwin flushes, and inquires,

"Won't you gentlemen join me in taking something?"

" on't see no objection," replies Clorinda.

"Same again," say the Baron and Elizabeth.

And Mr. Percy Baldwin has the honour of presenting three real comedians with glasses of beer and fourpenny cigars; and soon he finds himself sitting at a table with three live comedians—actually hobnobbing with Clorinda and Elizabeth and the Baron, who act and sing and dance side by side with Cinderella. And when Cinderella herself appears, accompanied by the Sisters Darrell—more pink cheeks, more blue eyes, more golden hair—Clorinda introduces Mr. Percy Baldwin to all three, and the Baron and Elizabeth obligingly make room for their fair sisters, who consent to sip a glass of port under Mr. Percy Baldwin's very eyes, and who smile upon him, and who are gracious enough to say they are glad he likes the "show."

"It must be awfully jolly to be on the stage," murmurs Mr. Percy Baldwin for the sixth time. Then, "Do have some more port." Protests; but ultimately more port, more beer, and another cigar for the Baron. And ten minutes later Mr. Percy Baldwin is escorting Cinderella and the two Sisters Darrell to their door, and on the doorstep he presents Cinderella with the box of chocolates; and is thanked, and invited to tea on the morrow.

Pendennis, after meeting the Fotheringay, went home in ecstasies, in raptures; but the ecstasies and raptures of Mr. Percy Baldwin are wilder far than Pen's.

Light has come into Mr. Percy Baldwin's life. He knows comedians and actresses. He has drunk with them, and is to take tea with them. His pulse is feverish. His cheeks are flushed. His heart is full. But how his pulse would drop, how his cheeks would pale, and how his heart would sink, could he hear Cinderella and the Sisters Darrell describe him as "The Idiot," and Clorinda and Elizabeth and the Baron as "The Mug."

Ah, it were better to miss Cinderella's tea! It were far, far better to go forth in quest of Jupiter!

Only a parlour—but more beautiful in Mr. Percy Baldwin's eyes than the choicest *salon*. And Cinderella and the Sisters Darrell more beautiful than the highest ladies in the land. Sewing materials and novelettes strewn here and there; a comb on the mantelpiece, and on the sideboard a wig (worn in the Palace Scene), waiting to be curled. And on the table a common black teapot, and a cottage loaf, and butter, and jam, and a tin of sardines.

"Don't you love sardines?" asks Cinderella.

"Oh, yes!" replies Mr. Percy Baldwin, fervently.

"There's nothing like tinned salmon," protests Ida Darrell.

"The last tin we had must have come over with the Ark," says her sister.

Never such a tea in Dumpton. What would Gregory Baldwin, Esq., say and do could he see his son opening a sardine tin for Cinderella, preparing (clumsily enough) a jam sandwich for Ida Darrell? Disinherit him at once! Stop that small weekly allowance, payable on Saturdays! And all over Dumpton, the fearful rumour that young Percy Baldwin was "going to the devil." But he is timid, says repeatedly, "It must be awfully jolly to be on the stage;" in a burst of confidence tells of the disappearance of Jupiter. And Cinderella yawns and proposes a call at The Nook—where Mr. Percy Baldwin pays for port for the golden-headed Cinderella and Sisters Darrell, and stout and bitter, and also "smokes," for the comedians. The conversation becomes professional. Mr. Percy Baldwin hears the curtain called the "rag," and the stage the "green." The Baron calls Cinderella "Cinders." Elizabeth calls Ida Darrell "my petlet." And the golden-haired ones are far, far kinder and nicer to the comedians than they are to Mr. Percy Baldwin. So, to create a diversion, he inquires, "I suppose it's awfully difficult to get on the stage?" But no one hears him.

Chocolates again, and shilling sprays from the High Street florist. The fervent protestation, "I think you are simply lovely as Cinderella," and "I don't know what I shall do when you have left Dumpton." But the Baron declares he has seen enough of "the Mug," and Cinderella herself admits that "the Idiot" gets on her nerves; and "the Mug" is given the slip, and "the Idiot" is received coldly when he calls; and the flowers and chocolates are accepted carelessly, and upon one harrowing occasion, Cinderella asks angrily, "Do you always look like that?" And the Sisters Darrell laugh and laugh. But still Mr. Percy Baldwin remains an admirer; and on Saturday night, when the pantomime has been played for the last time, he takes Cinderella aside and gives her his photograph, and implores her to give him hers, and vows he can never, never forget her, and begs permission to see her off on the morrow.

"Don't be an idiot," says Cinderella, yet not unkindly. Then, "Train starts at eleven: you can be there if you like." But returns to the comedians, leaves him abruptly, with the unromantic remark that she has all her "props" to pack to-night.

Ah, Mr. Percy Baldwin, these Cinderellas! Which of us has not undergone the bitter ordeal of bidding them farewell on a country platform? Which of us has not stood there pale, nervous, miserable, holding Cinderella's parcels, holding last little offerings, under the grins of the comedians? Which of us has not been consumed with the idea to accompany Cinderella on her travels? We try to smile, to look

To create a diversion, he inquires, "I suppose it is awfully difficult to get on the Stage?"

cheerful—but in vain. And you, Mr. Percy Baldwin, are no exception; pale are you, and nervous, and utterly miserable; and your hand trembles, and your voice trembles with emotion, and your whole body trembles as you assist Cinderella into her compartment.

And she? Is *she* miserable?

No; she is flushed with excitement—more beautiful than ever in her excitement. And she says "All right" absent-mindedly when she is begged to send the promised photograph; and she says "All right" carelessly when she is implored to write. How different is her manner to yours, Mr. Percy Baldwin: you who dramatically proclaim your intention of writing to her this very night, and walking past that dear parlour window again and again, and making every human effort to follow her to the next obscure, third-rate town on tour.

"All right; don't forget," she says, always carelessly, always absent-mindedly.

Ah, Mr. Percy Baldwin, this Cinderella! She leaves you behind on the platform, a miserable, forlorn figure, without regret. See—she has withdrawn her head from the carriage-window ere the train has left the station. No doubt she is already laughing, while you stand on the very edge of the platform until the train has disappeared from view. Before your eyes, a mist; in your throat, a lump; in your heart, an ache. Ah, Mr. Percy Baldwin, this Cinderella! She leaves you behind in Dumpton dissatisfied, depressed; will leave your long letters unanswered, your prayer for her photograph unfulfilled. The world has gone grey; Dumpton appears to you in all its obscurity, all its gloom. Wind and rain; and no golden-haired "stars" and no jovial comedians in the Public Hall or The Nook. Over, the romance. Now, only memories; only stern realities: work. Ah, Mr. Percy Baldwin, this Cinderella! As she laughs and nibbles at chocolates in the train, and as the comedians pass round the flask, you walk through the mud, through the rain, through the gloom — home. "The Firs" appears dull and melancholy—hateful. But no escape from the Baldwin villa, no following of Cinderella: you, Mr. Percy Baldwin, must work and work until you yourself become a solicitor and until the firm of Gregory Baldwin, Esq., becomes Baldwin and Baldwin. Enter then, and creep up to your chamber.

Alas, Mr. Percy Baldwin, this Cinderella! You are moody and you are silent; and you brood, and you sigh. You dare not unburden yourself. You have no bosom friend from whom to seek sympathy. But your melancholy is noticed: your pallor is commented upon.

"What," asks Mr. Gregory Baldwin, "is the matter with Percy? He's lost his appetite, and he's lost his tongue; and his face would scare away my clients."

And then—O irony of ironies—Mrs. Baldwin faintly replies:

"Don't mention it to him; it is kinder to leave him alone. Poor dear boy, he's fretting after—after—Jupiter."

THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST: By a Schoolboy Cartoonist

"A Bear Eager to get the Mouse and the Cat Doesn't Desire it"

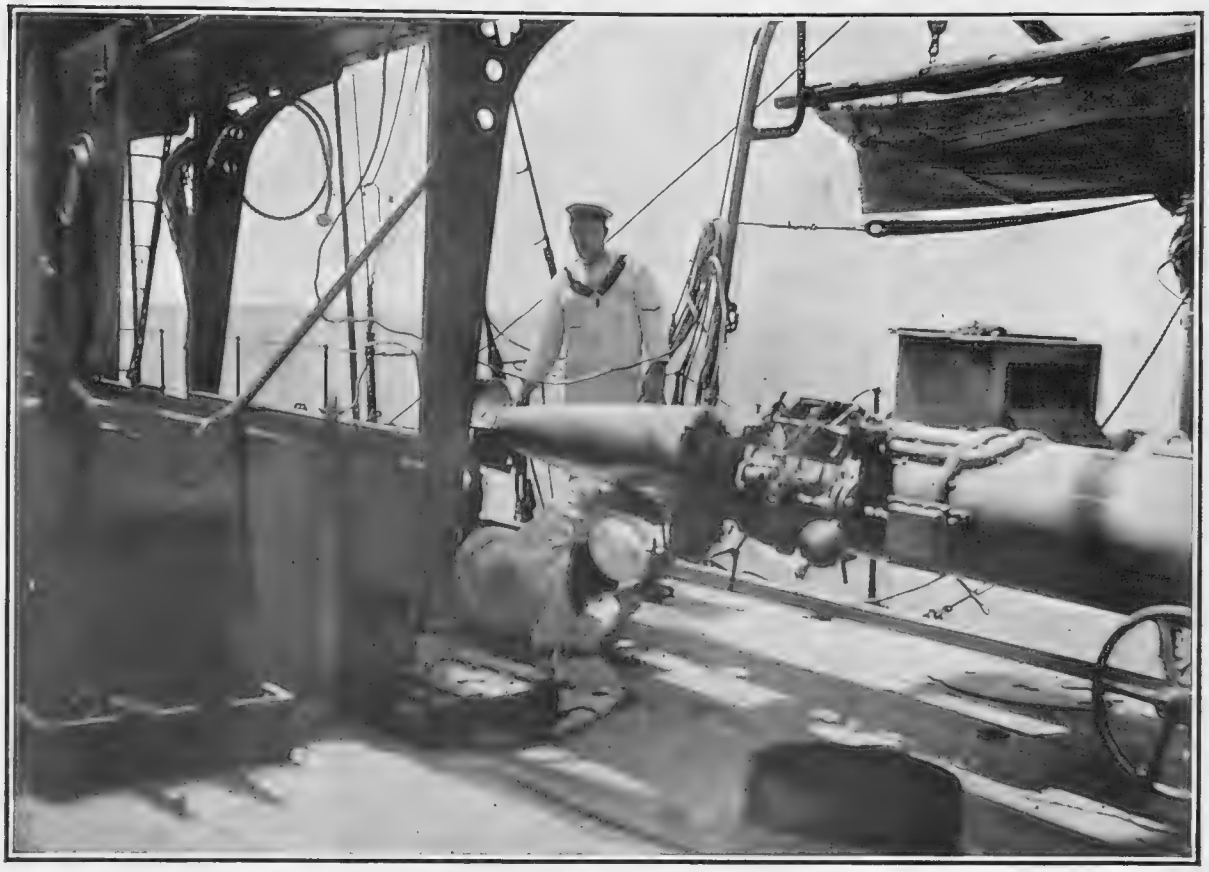
It is with no little pride that THE BYSTANDER can claim to have unearthed a veritable genius among the rising generation of black and white cartoonists. The following letter, from a schoolboy at one of our great Public Schools, sets forth, in a more concise manner than we could hope to do, the source whence L. M. D. (initials which, for aught we know, may one day be as famous as three others we wot of) derived his undoubted inspiration.

DEAR SIR,

I enclose a sketch which I did. It represents "A Bear eager to get the Mouse and the Cat doesn't desire it." The Bear is assuming the part of Russia, while the Cat that of Japan. The Mouse represents Korea; which is, if anything, indifferent as to which of the two it will ally itself, preferring, if anything, Japan.

Faithfully yours, L. M. D.

TORPEDO PRACTICE IN THE BRITISH NAVY



Charging a Torpedo with Compressed Air

The torpedo is ejected from the tube by powder or compressed air. The force used is only enough to make the torpedo clear the ship's side and start it in the right direction

Photos by] **Torpedo in Tube, Showing Propeller** [*Silk*

The Whitehead torpedo is in general use throughout the British Navy, and the internal mechanism of these terrible projectiles is known only to certain people, who are bound down to absolute secrecy

A Torpedo Tube, with Torpedo just Emerging

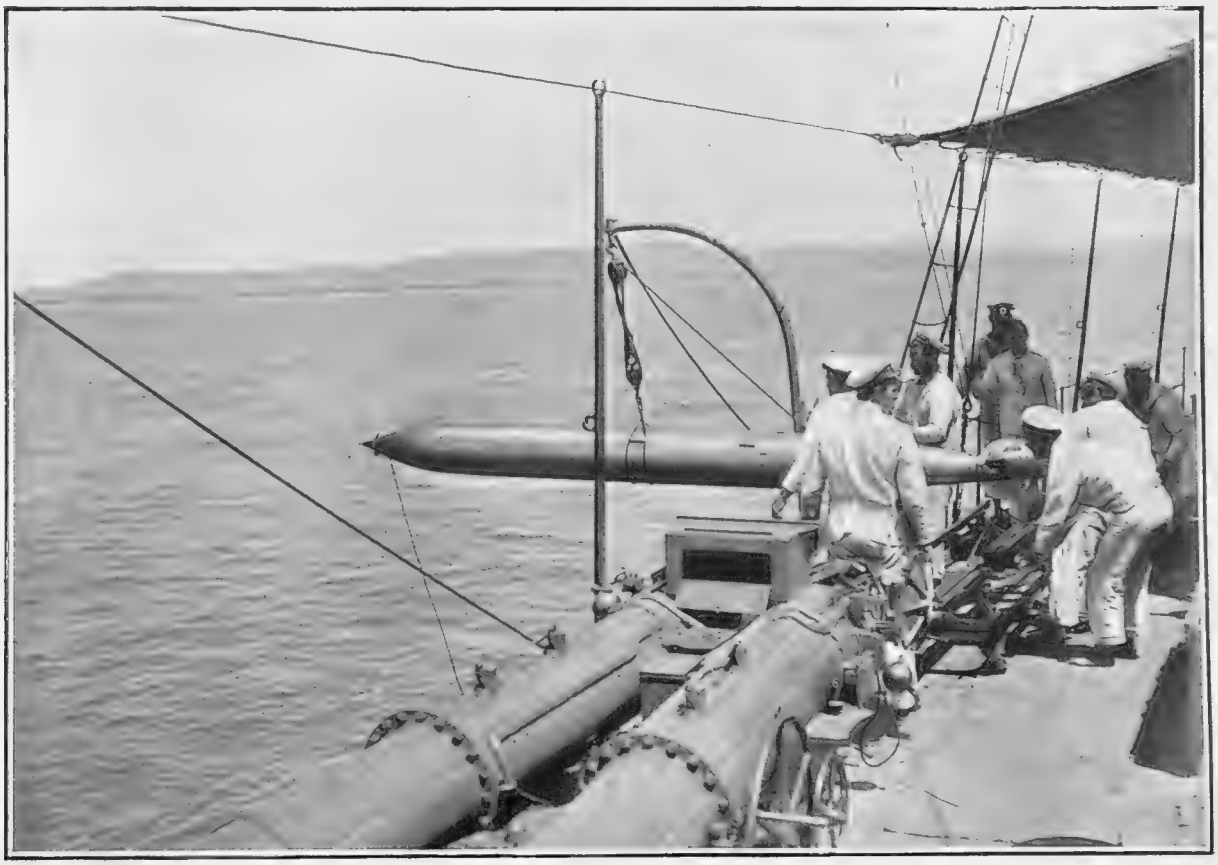
In a first-class torpedo gunboat the tubes are placed one in the bow, one astern, and two each side of the main deck. The torpedoes themselves are carried in a specially-constructed place, amidships. The crews are kept up to a perfect pitch of training by constant practice

Photos by] **A Whitehead Torpedo Leaving the Tube** [*Silk*

The torpedo is transferred from the compartment amidships to the deck by means of an overhead tramway, whence it is lowered into a trolley and wheeled to the tube. It is then charged with compressed air, as shown in our first illustration, 1,000 lb. to the square inch for practice, and 1,350 lb. for warfare. Then the internal mechanism is set for distance, speed, and depth, and the torpedo leaves the tube on its deadly errand in the harmless manner shown above

A Torpedo Taking the Water

A torpedo is usually sent on its way about four feet below the surface. As soon as it reaches the water its internal mechanism sets the propeller in motion, and when some momentum has been gained, its speed varies from 26 to 30 knots; the run, in practice, being from 800 to 2,000 yards, according to the directions of the commanding officer



Photos by] **Hoisting in a Torpedo after Practice-firing** [*Silk*

In actual warfare a charge of from 54 lb. to 200 lb. of guncotton is placed in the head of the torpedo, which explodes on collision with the object fired at, the detonator being fulminate of mercury. In practice, a dummy head is used, in which is a cap containing calcium, which enables the ship's crew to find it again, when it is picked up and hoisted on board as shown

Photo by *R. W. Thomas*

Miss Ethel Matthews

Photo by *R. W. Thomas*

Mrs. Maesmore Morris

A ROMANCE OF THE L.C.C. ELECTION

How Cousin Kitty Recorded Her Vote

By MORRIS COLEBORN

"But I don't in the least understand it. Why should they send me a voting paper?" questioned Cousin Kitty plaintively.

"Because the want you to vote, I expect," said I.

"But I thought women never had votes. You know, Dick, you said yourself that women's suffrage was a mistake and——"

"But this isn't a question of women's suffrage. It only means that, being a ratepayer in the Borough o' Chelsea——"

"Oh, if it means those stupid blue papers and things, Aunt Belinda always looks after them."

"But you write the cheques?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then that is why you are entitled to the privilege of voting for the County Council and——"

"But I don't want privileges of that kind. You don't understand, Dick, how very old-fashioned I am——"

"You don't look the part," said I, glancing at the vision of fluffy whiteness in the big armchair opposite.

"Of course, frocks are very simple! Most women know what to put on," said Kitty, dimpling.

"I wish to Heaven they did! Take Miss Belinda for instance——"

"Oh, Aunt Belinda is different," interrupted Cousin Kitty hastily. "She is too clever to mind about frills and things."

"So I should suppose."

"But she knows all about county councils and all the things you care about."

"Excepting chiffon frills—it is chiffon, isn't it?" I added, touching Kitty's soft draperies, and wishing it might have been her hand instead.

"My dear Dick, you know about as much about frocks as—as I do about county councils!" laughed Kitty.

"Ah, but I am willing to reform, whereas you——"

"Oh, I'll go to the horrid polling booth if you like, but hadn't we better wait for Aunt Belinda?"

"Certainly not! We shall have time to drive there and back before dinner. It won't take you long, will it, to put on a bonnet and shawl——"

"A what?" gasped Kitty.

"Oh, well, a coat, or whatever you call it."

"Will this do?" she asked, taking a long grey cloak from the back of a chair.

Kitty declares the fastening was quite simple; but I defy any man not to have bungled over it, provided he had a grain of sense, and knew an exquisitely moulded chin when he saw one.

A couple of minutes later Kitty paused, with her foot on the step of a hansom:

"Do you think Aunt Belinda would object to—to——"

"To your discharging a plain duty of citizenship? Certainly not!" said I emphatically.

Kitty sighed.

"Aunt Belinda marked the paper for me herself; and, of course, you are really a cousin, aren't you, Dick?"

"Of course; but a distant one, thank Heaven!"

Kitty pouted. "I don't think you need be so horrid about it. No one wants to be related to you."

"But, my dear little girl, you don't understand. I——"

"This can't be the voting place?" interrupted Kitty hastily.

"Yes, here we are; it's all right!"

"But—but it looks like the gallery entrance to a theatre. I call it horrid——"

"You are requested not to talk on entering the polling booth," drawled an official monotonously.

His voice was drowned in the rustling of Kitty's silken petticoats, as she made her way to one of the little wooden boxes, provided for the accommodation of voters.

She glanced at the papers with a puckered brow, seized a pen, then paused.

"Dick, I believe I've forgotten the paper Aunt Belinda marked for——"

"Voters are not allowed to communicate with each other while recording their vote!" came the monotonous note from the impassive young man at the desk.

Cousin Kitty, apparently quite unconscious that she was the person addressed, took not the smallest notice of his remark. She threw back her pretty cloak, and, after searching in an almost inaccessible pocket, said in a despairing voice:

"Yes, I have lost it! Do come and help me, Dick, or——"

I had discreetly retired to the door of the polling booth, but, unable to resist the note of appeal in Kitty's voice, was about to return, when an urbane policeman forestalled me.

"Voters are not allowed to talk, Madam, while recording their vote," he said politely.

"But Dick isn't a voter. He——"

"Will voters kindly preserve silence——" the monotonous voice was beginning.

"Does he mean me?" gasped Kitty.

"Yes, Madam," said the stout policeman, obviously suppressing a smile.

(*All rights reserved*)

Kitty glanced indignantly at the young man at the desk, then, turning her back on him, seized a pen and began to mark the voting paper. Suddenly she paused, held the paper to the light, and then deliberately tore it into little pieces.

"Dick, I want you please——" she was beginning, then meeting the indulgent smile of the policeman stopped, seized a fresh voting form and rapidly affixed her mark.

"Kindly place the paper in the ballot box as you pass out," came the imperturbable voice from the desk.

Kitty transfixed the neat parting of the young man's hair with an indignant stare as she flung the paper into the box and stepped into the hansom.

"Dick," she remarked severely, "why didn't you tell me you were a candidate?"

"But, my dear little woman, that surely wouldn't have made any difference——"

"It would have saved me a great deal of trouble," said Kitty. "I couldn't remember any of the names Aunt Belinda had mentioned, so I just picked out all the nice soldier candidates——"

"Of which there were an equal number on either side," I murmered, smiling.

"Then I came to your name, Dick, so, of course, I tore up the first paper, and put all the marks at that one place."

"Voters are not allowed to give more than one vote to any candidate," I drawled, in imitation of the monotonous young man at the desk.

"But what happens when they do?"

"Their vote is cancelled, that's all," I replied laughing.

Kitty's lips trembled.

"It—it's not kind of you to laugh, Dick. I can't help being just——"

"The most adorable little woman in the world," I supplemented, as I slipped my arm round her waist.

"Well, child, did you record your vote as I suggested?" Aunt Belinda demanded, half an hour later.

"Well not quite, auntie. In fact I gave all my votes to Cousin Dick, and, of course, that was a mistake——"

"I'm not so sure about that," said Aunt Belinda, relaxing into a smile, as she caught Kitty's blushing face between her thin hands and kissed it.

There is an astonishing force about a good example. I tried to explain this to Kitty, but what she replied was:

"Dick, you have had heaps already."

"But, my darling," I remonstrated, "kisses are not votes, and there is no reason why a candidate should not have—well, as many as he can get, you know."

Kitty's answer, like her vote, remains unrecorded.

Young Florida

A snapshot on the banks of the Okeechobee

ALICE (Lady Violet Elliot) — MARCH HARE (Master Cotton) — DORMOUSE (Miss Beryl Maud) — THE MAD HATTER (Master Wright)

Photos by] RED QUEEN (Miss Avery) — ALICE — WHITE QUEEN (Lady Eileen Elliot) [*Topley*

CHARACTERS FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AND "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS"

ALICE in Wonderland THE DUCHESS (Miss Fitzpatrick) THE COOK (Miss Cartwright)
We do not know who played the part of the Cheshire Cat, though it looks sufficiently imposing

Photos by] ALICE and HUMPTY DUMPTY (Master Fletcher) [*Topley*

PERFORMED AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL GIVEN BY THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MINTO AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA

A WINTER WALK

By R. B. HUTH

A long-drawn stretch of muddy road, half frozen and half surface-thawed, a chilly, ungenial pearl-coloured sky—sky only in that it is free of defined cloud—but altogether void of blue, and showing up, in its wintry vastness, a round, sickly, white-faced, Pierrot-like, ridiculous planet, which only a knowledge of the compass points will let us know whether it be meant for sun or moon.

There is but little life to break the solitude: a team of farm horses, pacing home from their day's work upon the land, sober, exact, painstaking, laborious—a refutation of those who declare morality and horseflesh to be far apart—obeying those set in authority over them, not only to emulate, but put to shame, the most ideal product of a Sunday school, were not this last as mythological an object as a griffin.

On either side the land is flat and bare, treeless, repelling, but before us, across the stretch, there is, in the nearer distance, an undefined effect of trees, with just here and there a cottage gable peeping, a warm red brick wall, with tops of fruit trees showing over, lace-like, against the light, a squat grey tower, a sombre row of yews, a background of bold green hill, crowned with a clump of beeches, and, as we attain to all of this, a glint of water down on the lower ground toward our left.

Not for you do we pause, finches and sparrows in the hedge, chirping out your small economy; nor you, fieldfares, flicking restless and shy; nor for the startled water-rat, burlesquing melodramatic suicide as he plumps solidly into the deep of a brimming ditch; these are only the videttes of field life; and our goal is its citadel.

On, past the overgrown, overhanging, leafless hedge, studded with dark elms, and wearing the black livery of snowless winter; on, past the orchard wall, across the churchyard of the stunted tower, down a rudely paved causeway; and there we pause, upon the threshold of our sought-for sanctuary.

For here the river, hidden up till now, turns a sharp angle, and, facing us, tumbles in solid volume down its weir; then resuming its smoothness, but, with a grim, puckering-like, ill-natured mirth upon its face, it makes another sudden change of course, and, in the effort, forms a pool.

No; no widgeon, and no teal. Cold though it be, the still water is not yet frozen to drive these hither. But see that solitary figure keeping dreary vigil, a heron, silent, impassive, impervious, intent, immersed up to its inversion of a knee, a most penitential footbath.

The river winds round the rising ground, whose culmination is the beech-topped hill, and 'twixt the two, across the river meadow, past a few giant antlered oaks, there is a wood, the sanctuary of wild life, violated by no keeper, free as air to all who choose it for a home.

Across the meadow, then, and past the ragged oaks with vast white fungi rotting at their base, and on toward the wood. Ah, what was that? A kingfisher—two furlongs from the water! The cold has sent the fish too deep for him. No "unemployed" is he; obedient to the force of Nature, his summer occupation gone, he seeks his wants upon the land.

Toward the wood we go, careful to take it up wind, treading noiseless on the carpeting of moss and fallen leaf, now rotted soft as silk, and entering the leafless ride, pass in, as silent as ghosts.

How's this? No startled woodpigeon, no shrill alarm by jay or blackbird, not even a scuttling rabbit—all sure signs another human being is in the wood. Yes; there he is: an old man gathering withies—a basket-maker. Well, go your way in peace; for in these days you, too, poor hard-worker, need a sanctuary.

But the world is wide, and so, in its degree, is our wood—near on a hundred acres; so, further on. And now the frightened rabbit, jay's raucous laugh, and scold of blackbird tell that we are clear of man.

A pool, caused by a fallen branch across the runlet of a tiny spring, a hollybush beyond; out flicks a something brown, zig-zagging, quick as lightning: just time to tell a woodcock, and he is gone.

Up to the high side, toward the hill there, by the two gnarled beech trees, in the shelving of the bank, lies the main earth. Gently moves the fallen leaf. Yes, on the damp soil a soft impression with three indentations and a slighter one, and here again and yet again! Tell no one there are badgers in the wood.

Well do I know this spot; but what a change since six months gone! Then a green crypt, ankle and knee deep in luxuriant botany, the culmination of its yearly effort. All altered now, the unleafed underwood reveals deserted nests, remnants of Nature's holiday, discarded like the toys of wearied children.

The timber's older here. The boles and great main branches betray their early fancies intensified and made grotesque by age.

A laugh comes from above. A woodpecker, florid in his livery, green and yellow, most weatherwise of birds, and cynical. He ridicules at one huge jest he has—that it will rain—a joke which, in this year of grace, might even seem to pall.

Out in the open. Up the hill. To view the river, in its comprehensiveness, winding its sinuous length around the sorrel sombre of the wood.

A twittering of lesser birds, something special but subdued, then silence, like the expectant hush which awaits the effort of a singer. A hawk! Shadowy, scintillating, seigniorial, he swoops, then poises, and, rising high, and higher, yet fades in the haze.

The twilight falls, a shepherd shifting hurdles on the hillside is silhouetted against the waning light, and owls begin to hoot, as who would say, "The day is our night, the night is our day, O-Ho, how little do ye know who cannot see the humours of the night."

NERVE-BREAKING SPEED IN SPAIN

By FRANK RICHARDSON

Illustrated by DUDLEY HARDY

For years past Englishmen have believed that some of our railway systems in their spirited struggles against progress, held the world's record for conservatism. Numbers of our leading journals have proudly published statistics showing that over the shortest distances the rate of progression sustained by one of the Southern companies had been reduced to a minimum. It has been arrogantly maintained that their speed was, in fact, merely a higher power of immovability. We have, in our insular pride, believed that the condition of things was unique in Europe.

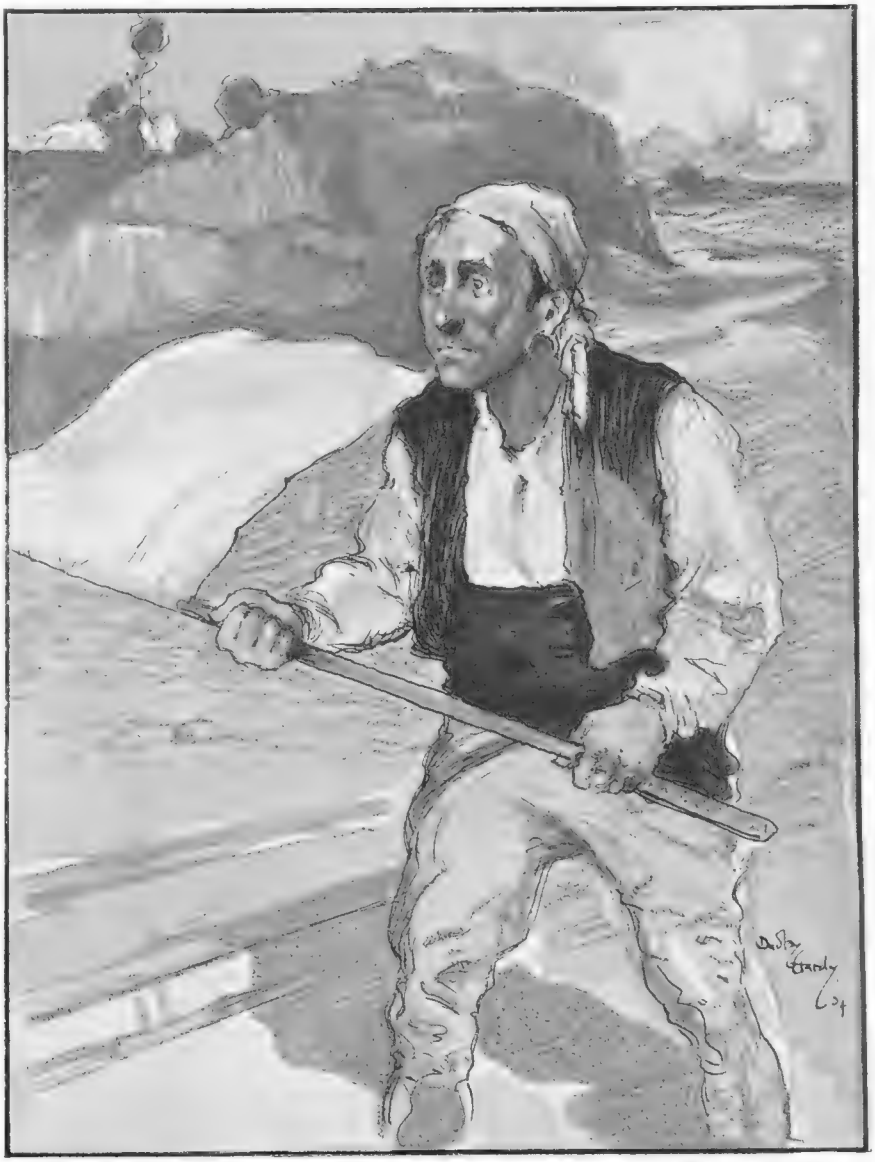
It isn't. Spain is ahead of us.

The worst of our railways is beaten by the *Ferrocarriles De Bilbao A Durango, Zumarraga Y San Sebastian*, not only in absence of speed, but in eccentricity of time tables.

This company has published an "Indicador Oficial" containing a complete list of its stations, but no single statement of the time at which trains reach them. This unique publication is in no sense a naïve confession of incompetence on the part of the company. But its genesis was due to the fact that Spain had adopted Greenwich time, and that the engine-drivers weren't used to it. However, it is the simplest and most pleasant time table I have come across—and, incidentally, the most absolutely accurate. It contains no lies. And some of our Southern railways have published nothing of the same class.

When I investigated the system, I was well aware that it was a new undertaking, which had been established with a view to expediting the transit of mails to Bilbao, the third most important city in Spain. This expedition had retarded the receipt of the mails by half a day. Which sounded well. Therefore I arranged, in order to give the company a proper trial, to travel from Bilbao to San Sebastian—a distance of seventy-two miles. (As I had plenty of time on my hands it was not necessary for me to walk). So I took a mail train and investigated generally.

My verbal contract with an official of the company was to the effect that, leaving Bilbao at 10.30, I should reach Sebastian at 2.50 the same day. Seventy-two miles in four hours and twenty minutes by a mail train! I was disappointed. After all, this was hardly worse than we could do it at home. The Ferrocarriles De Bilbao, etc., must do better than that if they were to snatch the palm of sloth from England.



A man was sent along the line with a green flag to inform any train he met that we were occupying Olaceuta

They did better than that. They have snatched the palm.

They began in the orthodox way by starting late, and stopping at places where they thought there might be a station, finding out their mistake and going back to look for the station, and giving up the search and going on huffily, hoping for better things. At Olaceuta we were about an hour late. Here no telegraphic communication could be held with Zaldivar, the next station, so a man was sent along the line with a green flag to inform any train he met that we were occupying Olaceuta for the moment. At length Zaldivar telegraphed angrily to say that their postal authorities had concluded their lunching arrangements, and that we could proceed. We whistled in a peremptory way to recall our man with the flag and some passengers who had determined to spend the day with friends living near. Then we went on. The reason that I passed a pleasant hour at Alzola is this. Alzola owns a station-master and four permanent subordinates. They were evidently bored with Alzola, and did not expect the arrival of a mail train that was only two hours late. From their point of view we were not yet due. They had no sympathy with indecent haste. Anyway, they were all attending a religious function of some sort in a neighbouring village.

As we did not know whether the line was clear or not, it was impossible to proceed. A director of the Orcanera Iron Ore Company, who was a helpful passenger, maintained that these religious functions sometimes detained railway officials for some weeks.

This was where the Ferrocarriles began to show their mettle and assert their power to seize the palm from the South Eastern. Eventually we got away from the station through the intelligence of a Frenchman, who understood telegraphy and bribed the engine driver to let him telegraph to Mendaro to know if the line was clear. Of course, it was. The engine driver had originally been in favour of sending on an envoy with a green flag; said it was more usual and businesslike. He was quite willing to do the right thing; but he wanted to do it in the right way, and be properly bribed for doing it properly.

At Mendaro the matter was investigated, affidavits were filed, and all necessary language used. The feeling in the official world seemed to be against the engine driver for hustling his train into a station when the staff was engaged in religious exercises. The station-master of Alzola would be pained and grieved at the conduct of the engine driver. The chief official was at a loss to understand the conduct of

Eventually we get away from the station through the intelligence of a Frenchman

the Frenchman in usurping the functions of a station-master who was absent at his devotions and couldn't help himself. Supposing every passenger took to telegraphing to station-masters! There would be a nice thing! Did he think he was in France? What was his name and address? and how did he know that the Frenchman had given the right ones? At best Frenchmen were dogs and related to dogs. So were the English. And I was too, in a way, only more so.

The smells at Mendaro are amongst the most significant I have encountered. Astigarribia does fairly well. Its output is more mellow and mature. In fact, it is the Bexley of Spain. But the general versatility and artistic effect on the nasal organ that one experiences at Mendaro have a certain value of their own.

It is really a great convenience for fast trains to stop long enough at wayside stations to enable one to wind up one's affairs

(I have since been informed that the case of the devotionally minded official at Alzola has been investigated. These are true words. He has been promoted, owing, it is said, to the influence of influential relatives. His religious exercises, taken in business hours, have been the making of that rising young station-master.)

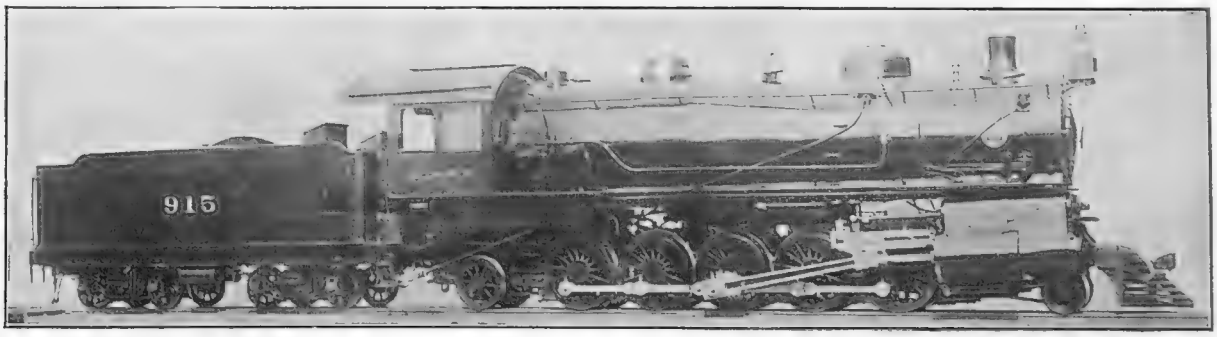
At Aguinaga things had come to such a pass that I thought it advisable to inform my friends of my whereabouts, and make my arrangements for the early autumn. I sent off a lengthy telegram and tendered the necessary pesetas in payment. The telegraph clerk explained that postage stamps were the only legal tender for the payment of telegrams. I could get them at the tobacco shop in the village. I got them and completed the transaction so far as I was concerned. In order that there might be some chance of his completing his part of the deal, I asked for a receipt. He said that I must return to the village and purchase a penny stamp at the tobacco store; but he feared the train would start before I got back. I knew better. I knew the train. I knew its past. Even if it did start, I could walk on slowly and catch it, or pull it back, whichever suited my purpose. Ten minutes after my return the express staggered out of the station.

It is really a great convenience for fast trains to stop long enough at wayside stations to enable one to wind up one's affairs, and alter one's will, and extract receipts from recalcitrant telegraph clerks.

The only other arrangement that had been made for the convenience of passengers by this train was a disaster to the vacuum brake, which occurred at a decline after passing Recalde. Had the hand-brake also failed to act I should not have been able to complete my investigation of the Ferrocarriles de Bilbao, etc.

Happily, owing, no doubt, to the negligence of the officials, the hand-brake was in working order, and I reached San Sebastian at 6 o'clock, punctually (on the same day). The train was three hours and ten minutes late, having accomplished seventy-two miles in eight hours, with thirty minutes to spare. It must be remembered that this was a mail train, hampered by various restrictions which might be expected to increase its speed. Other trains—notably brands called "Mixto" and "Omnibus"—are fifty per cent. slower. No time table affects them in any way.

Our Southern railways are beaten at their own game. They do not run the slowest trains in Europe. But, then, Spain is rapidly ceasing to be European.



Speed in America: The Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé "Flyer"

The largest locomotive built in America, drawing one of the "mile-a-minute" trains, which are not common in Spain

BRIDGE

START OF OUR NEW WEEKLY COMPETITION

NO LONG DRAWN-OUT SCHEME—ONE HAND ONLY

THE BYSTANDER offers its readers three prizes every other week for the best solutions of the play, at Double Dummy, of the different hands which will be set out on this page.

1st Prize	**£3 3 0**
2nd Prize	**£2 2 0**
3rd Prize	**£1 1 0**

All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of THE BYSTANDER not later than the first post on Tuesday, March 22. The names and addresses of the winners will appear in our issue for April 6.

In our alternate issues (*i.e.*, every other week), until a notification to the contrary be made, other hands will be given, with like prizes, for the correct solutions of the play.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page IV. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played AT DOUBLE DUMMY.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

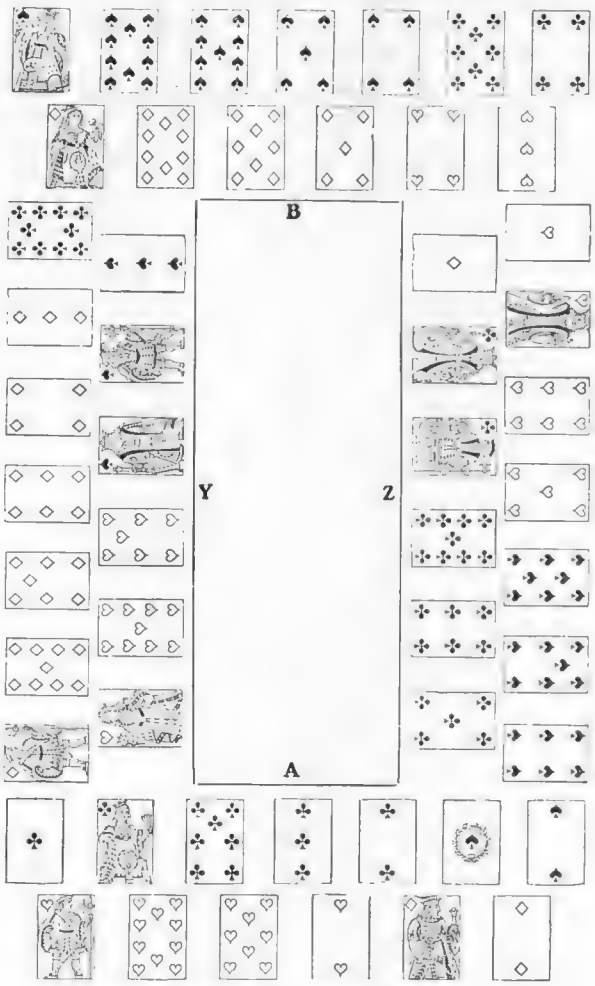
underlining the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

FIRST WEEKLY COMPETITION HAND.



A deals and declares no-trumps.
Y leads before the two dummy hands are exposed.

A. G. W. sends me this hand and asks me what is the best declaration on it, would it be a sound no-trump at love-all :

♥ A J 10 5
♣ Q and three little ones.
♠ A K and three little ones.

Since it is an ace above an average hand, and is protected in three suits, with good trick-winning capacity in two, it is a quite sound no-trump declaration, in spite of its lack of diamonds. Hearts were declared on it, and two tricks made. That declaration was justifiable; but I should prefer no-trumps.

I hope to publish, in next week's issue, the names of winners in our £25 Bridge Competition which has just concluded. "PROBLEMATICUS."

Drawn by *William Prater*

Crab Catching in Cornwall

The scene of the above illustration is one of the bays near Newquay. The fishermen row out to the rocks off the coast and dig the crabs out of holes by means of "Gaffs." As often as not, a morning's catch may consist of from a dozen to twenty large crabs. This form of sport has great attractions for visitors

A Professional Opinion

Although not very hugely in favour of those methods of automobile journalism which consist either in adopting other people's views and presenting them in a slightly altered guise as one's own, or in scissoring out elegant and eulogistic extracts from makers' catalogues and offering them to a grateful public as original literary matter, still the occasion may arrive when the amateur of motor-cars unexpectedly finds himself backed up by expert professional opinion, and having come across an admirable leader on "Simplicity in Motor-car Details" in *The Practical Engineer*, I firmly grasp the shears and gently whisper, on this occasion only, for the office paste pot. The writer, in speaking of the totally unnecessary complications met with in many modern motor-cars at the Show says:

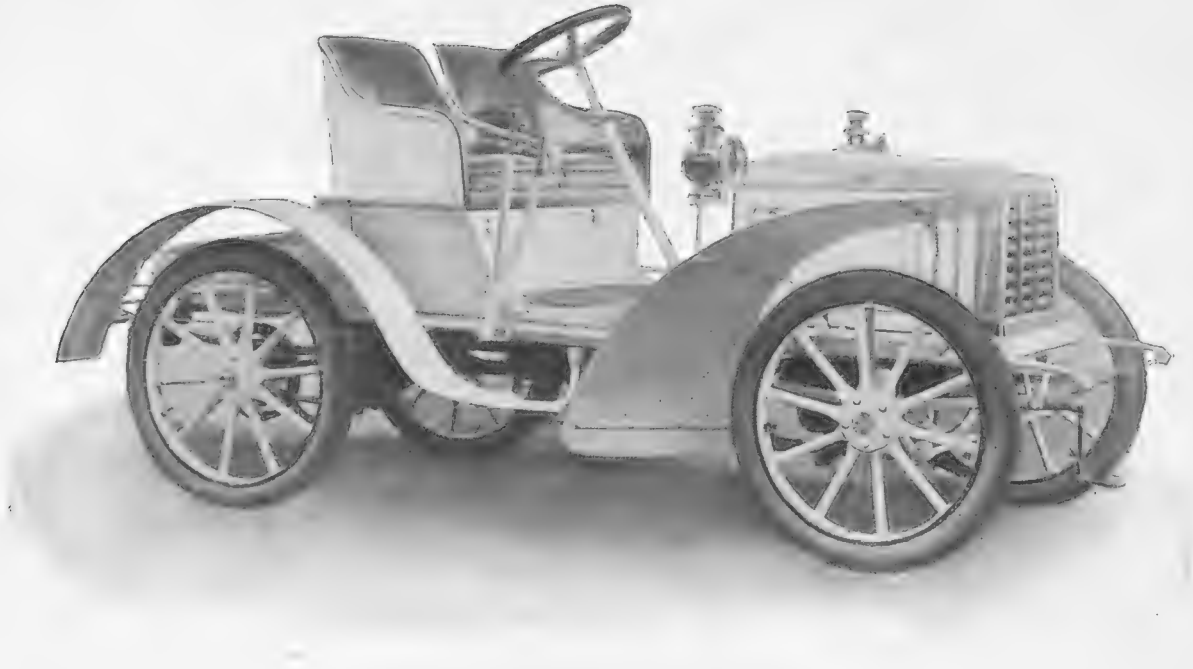
> The manner in which motion may be transmitted and controlled from the prime mover to the driving axle admits of very interesting mechanical problems being solved; but the engineer should bear in mind that for the most part, other things being equal, simplicity is an advantage far outweighing the more cleverly original, and possibly more ingenious, way of effecting the movements upon cars that have to be controlled by non-mechanical, or somewhat unskilled persons.
>
> Many of the means and methods employed in connection with the driving and controlling mechanism on cars that were exhibited were complete studies as to the manner in which apparently a maximum of machinery and moving parts could be arranged within the minimum space. While, however, this may be interesting to the constructor, and undoubtedly a matter of pride to the originator and designer, we doubt very much whether either of these persons would feel flattered could they have heard the comments of some of the possible buyers or users of cars when examining these wonderful arrangements.
>
> The cars, to sell for public use, should be such as will give no more trouble to a driver than a horse does to its coachman.

So far so good; but—to continue.

Deductions Therefrom

"Every part of the mechanism that is to be lubricated or attended to should be arranged in positions capable of being readily and conveniently examined" (this appears to oppose a valid objection to the vertical engine *in toto*, in which the crank is both out of sight and out of reach); "there should be a *minimum* number

6½ h.-p. "Cadillac." 200 Guineas, with Tonneau



8 h.-p. "Wyss" (Coles and Wyss). £175

of independent parts for effecting the necessary motions that are associated with every car" (*this* abolishes the mechanically operated inlet valve at one fell swoop); and, finally, "a little more thought should be given to the comfort and convenience of the user than to the idea of doing the ordinary work in a novel and extraordinary way. . . . We unhesitatingly affirm that many of the complicated arrangements that were seen at the Show must inevitably bring upon their makers troubles such as will prevent a large sale of their cars being effected." This is pretty candid speaking from a technical journal of high repute, and the public may do well to take this exordium carefully to heart.

Tyre Troubles

It is a subject for regret that, although not exactly a betting man, yet the present writer, in his hot and impulsive youth, was wont at times to back his fancy, and even now, as a sober motorist, the temptation to lay wagers is still presented to him. One is drawn to this conclusion by the perusal of a summary of tyre troubles recently endured by some enthusiastic competitors, from which it appears to be mathematically certain that in order to get to a place fifty miles distant, the betting is exactly 6-1 that the journey may be accomplished without a puncture, with tyres fairly new. On the other hand, when the inevitable occurs (as occur it must sooner or later) the penalty is a roadside wait of from thirty minutes to one hour. Furthermore—in the case of a light car, it appears that the life of a set of tyres costing, say, £30, is 3,000 miles—you may, on occasion, run 330 miles for every "road trouble," or 183 miles for each time the tyres are "touched, *i.e.*, for pumping; but, if the time spent in stable, plus time spent on road in attending to tyres, in this particular competition, was taken into consideration, then only 9·8 miles were run for each precious minute so occupied. *Why* should these things be?

One Reason

All these mishaps occur because people do *not* believe that a practical and substantial vehicle can be made to run at the rate of twenty miles an hour on solid tyres, but a brighter day *is* dawning, and, as a herald of its arrival, comes the exhilarating intelligence that no less than fifty per cent. of the orders placed for the smart cars of the Wolseley Company at the Show are to be so fitted.

Coachbuilders

A point greatly overlooked in the construction of the motor-car as a whole is the part that the coach-builder ought to take in its construction. Heretofore the vehicle has been, to a great extent, the production of the engineer alone, and for this reason (*being* first and foremost a vehicle), many imperfections have manifested themselves. The purely mechanical person has made an ingenious engine of light weight, mounted it on a frame (for which he bought and fitted wheels in a haphazard sort of way), shod these with pneumatic tyres, with the idea that they would prevent the machinery from shaking to pieces, then *called* it a carriage, and let it go at that, without consulting the coach-builder (who has generations of experience to guide him) at all. To such a pitch have these notions been carried, that in some cars, in the past, the proper sort of springs to be used have been almost entirely neglected, but now saner methods are gradually obtruding themselves. A double elliptic spring, properly "loaded," is many times more absorbent of vibration than the usual single ones with projecting horn plates, and if the front and rear axles are strongly strutted together by side bars, as in a car belonging to the writer, the greatest possible comfort in running is secured. The Mercédès car of last year was fitted with double springs, at any rate in front; but the coach builder has not yet "come into his own" as he should, and as he will, if he will but only wake up in time.

A Digestive

We asked for a "Horseless Carriage," and we are in return offered, in many instances, a vehicle which is really a cross between a locomotive and a fire engine. The above remarks are therefore intended as a mild carminative for the correction of those digestions now so sadly disordered by the hard diet of stones and serpents on which they have, in motor-car matters, all too long been illogically nurtured.

Automatic Carburettors

The one great "talking point" at the recent Show was admitted on all sides to be the automatic carburettor, in which the proportion of air to petrol vapour is piously hoped always to remain constant. There are many makes of these, and, as some are better than others, one meets with severe differences of opinion, to begin with. The theory is that when the piston speed is great, the suction is harder over the petrol jet, that, therefore, too much petrol is sucked in, and that at this stage an air valve ought to open to give a larger supply of air. *Per contra* (in theory again), when the engine is running dead slow, and piston speed therefore small, the suction is less, and that then a proportion of air should be shut off, and the "mixture" thereby made "richer," so that it will explode better, so, if these "moving parts" all move, and do not stick or break, as they perhaps may, the crankshaft gets thereby a more regular twist or *torque*. Heaven knows that I am a man who would not willingly make a wicked pun, but I am here constrained to observe that I would spell this blessed word, of which we now hear so much, "t-a-l-k." To come to practice, I adjust my petrol spray (from the seat) when the engine is running up a steep hill, till I get the utmost power that it can give off, which is the situation in which one really needs it. When I get on the level again and the engine is not going "all out" I consequently use less petrol as the suction is less, and I perhaps get a little less power, but as I have plenty in reserve by opening the throttle, this does not in the least matter, and I know that I am travelling economically and keeping the engine cool by running a weakish mixture. All wrong in theory, no doubt, but like most other simple things excellent in practice.

A. C. G. B. and I.

Ere these lines are in print the new Committee of the Automobile Club will have been elected, and if the names put forward by Mr. John Scott Montagu be practically accepted, all may be well at last with this institution. It may be an impertinence to criticise a club to which one neither belongs nor hopes to join, but, as in the past, the Automobile Club has arrogated to itself the power to speak in the name of everyone who owned a motor-car, its proceedings became thereby open to criticism from every motorist. There are many planks in the new platform, amongst them one which is labelled "the abolition of the noxious road-hog." If any man cannot find that he is capable of driving a car on the public thoroughfares as a gentleman should, the Club should expel him, after due warning. This is a better way of "encouraging the movement" than by promoting "trials" of a week in length, which really prove nothing. "Wear and tear" for twelve months, or preferably for two years, is what the public wants to learn about. Any toy can be made to run for seven days.

C. G. Matson.

Sir William Bell's New 15 h.-p. Napier Brougham

LACROSSE: THE SECOND INTER-'VARSITY MATCH AT LORD'S

Cambridge Walk over their Opponents by 10 Goals to 4

E. S. Kemp, Oxford Goalkeeper, Gets the Ball Away

Some Smart Play Round Oxford's Goal

Oxford Running Down the Field

At half-time the score stood four goals all. In the second half, however, the Oxford team were compelled to act purely on the defensive, the Light Blues experiencing no difficulty in adding to their score. It may not be generally known that lacrosse, which gains every day in popular favour, is about the fastest game that is played

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Consolations of the Weather-Bound Golfer

In this past season of snow, sleet, and rain, when golf on all but a few courses has been impossible, and the inventor of the game of "water golf" has a fine opportunity for making his appearance, the weary golfer must fall back on the pleasures of the imagination for a real taste of his beloved sport. Let me take you then, dear readers, in imagination to St. Andrews, and let us suppose that it is a perfect summer's day. Four of us have, overnight, made up a good foursome, and each side fancies its chance slightly. Now, there is no finer form of golf than an evenly matched foursome, and we mean to make a thirty-six holes match of it. We have secured an excellent number, starting at about 10.30 and 2.30, on the old course. We are all in good condition and practice, and on waking up have found a lovely day greeting us, only a gentle breeze blowing in off the sea, just enough to keep us cool during the round, but not enough to interfere with the game. About 10 o'clock our party is gathered together in the noble room of the club overlooking the first tee, and we watch the numbers going up on the telegraph-board, and pass gentle criticisms on the styles of the various players we can see striking off under the eyes of the gallery. Presently we hear a stentorian voice calling out our names, and we make a hurried rush to the tee. Two of us have to undergo the ordeal of the first tee shot, a trying process, as we know that what we were doing in the way of criticism just now to others is in turn being applied to us. Presently the party in front of us play their second shots and get out of range. Then Greig's resonant voice is heard from the box as he exclaims in broad Doric accent, "Carry on."

Two Famous Tee Shots at St. Andrews

Delightful phrase, that, "carry on." I have seen some curious "carryings on" at that tee. I can well remember one noble earl, who now has the care of the King's Irish subjects in his hands, losing the first hole by his shot at that first tee in an important match. His adversary had driven a fine shot, and the noble lord, in trying to emulate him, overswung himself, nearly missed the globe, but just managed to hit it off the tee against his left foot. The mortifying result was that that match had to proceed at once to the second tee with the nobleman one down. Another famous occasion was when the late Prince Leopold was captain of the Royal and Ancient, and had to drive that trying first shot which constitutes a man captain *de facto*, and wins him a medal into the bargain. The Prince had been duly coached by old Tom Morris some days before, so as to ensure his hitting the elusive globe. When the fateful moment arrived Tom teed up the ball, and the Prince endeavoured, under the eyes of an enormous crowd, to drive the ball away towards the crowd of small caddies who were waiting, not very far off, you may be sure (the Scottish caddie is a keen judge of golfing powers, and no respecter of persons), to scramble for the ball and secure the reward for its recovery. Unfortunately, the Prince missed the globe! *horresco referens*; but dear old Tom was equal to the occasion. Bending down, and pretending to readjust the ball, he rose, and imperturbably addressed the Prince: "A verra guid swing, your Royal Highness; now, then, this is the ball ye must strike." Thus adjured and comforted, the Prince tried again, and this time managed to strike the ball. So the situation was saved by the ready wit and presence of mind of that genial courtier, dear old Tom.

The Joys of a Good Foursome at St. Andrews

But I am wandering from my foursome, which has just "carried on" from the first tee. Both shots are good, and so, while we proceed towards the burn, we have time to cast a glance at as fair a sight as Nature ever spread before her worshipper. To our right stretches the noble bay, with its glorious sweep of shimmering sands, dotted with crowds of children and nurses and bathers. The sea, further out, is of a deep sapphire blue, its surface barely ruffled by the gentle breeze. The air is crisp, and as invigorating as a draught of good champagne. In front of us lies the whole expanse of verdant links, with the various parties of golfers going out or coming in. As we approach the burn we pass some friends who are just finishing an early round; and this will happen all the way round, for one of the great charms of St. Andrews is that, by the configuration of the course, you meet a constant succession of friends either coming in or going out, and can learn how their match stands, and relate to them your own successes or tribulations. So our foursome proceeds with its attendant caddies, who are all as keenly interested in the result as we are, and whose pennies and sixpences are the counterpart of our half-crowns and five shillings as wagers. Probably some of these caddies are old hands, and have seen us grow up from small laddies; in that case they will most likely address us by our Christian names, and if we play badly will not hesitate to abuse us like pickpockets. "Eh, man, I could kick the pummly (ball) further than ye can hit it"; or, "Ye're playing just like an auld fush wife," are some of the sort of remarks that may greet one in affliction; or, "Eh, man, but yon's a bonnie lick" will warm one's heart after a fine effort. Arrived at the short hole we have to wait, and have time to taste Turpie's ginger ale and fill our pipes. Poor Turpie, I fear, has followed "Old Daw" to other Elysian fields, where, possibly, they are still carrying on their dispute as to which shall have the favourite pitch for his wares. Once more we start, and amid chaff and fun our foursome

comes back to the burn and prepares for its last tee shot. Happy days, happy days. Who that has once tasted the delights of golf at St. Andrews does not long to be back there again. If you ask me what is the highest form of enjoyment at golf, I would answer unhesitatingly, "An evenly matched foursome on a fine day over the peerless links of St. Andrews."

Mr. Norman Hunter

But I must descend from these pleasant realms of imaginary golf and come back to the real article. If I have any doubts as to whether I am still dreaming, one glance at Mr. Norman Hunter's sturdy figure is sufficient to reassure me. Mr. Hunter learned his golf at North Berwick, whence so many first-class golfers have sprung. He has not yet justified the promise of his undoubted powers, but he is still, as it were, mewing his mighty youth at the steadiness and patience. An instance occurs to me as I write which well exemplifies my meaning. This happened during the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in 1901. In the first round Hunter had defeated "Ted" Blackwell (no mean performance, this, at St. Andrews), and met John Low in the third round. Playing indifferently at the start, our hero found himself at last in the disagreeable position of being five down to Low with six to play. The thirteenth hole was halved, but Hunter, by fine and determined play, secured the next four holes, leaving himself only one down with one to play. At this last hole Hunter drove a superb tee shot, and Low topped his into the burn. Luckily for him, the burn was nearly dry, and he was able to wade in and play his ball out, and followed this up with a fine long third, thus playing two more before Hunter played his second. Now, on nine

St. Andrews Golf Links: Driving off the Home Tee

game, and has plenty of time before him. Of the younger school of golfers he is certainly one of the most powerful and finished players, and, if he will be content to sacrifice some of his brilliance on the altar of steadiness, he will most certainly rise to the highest ranks, and follow in the footsteps of his great club mates, Laidley and Maxwell, in securing the Amateur Championship. At present, he is in very much the same stage as Freddie Tait was when he was driving terribly long and often erratic shots, before he settled down to that superb and sure style which won him so many glorious victories; that style of reserved power, of playing well within himself, of keeping something up his sleeve, which characterised the last and best phase of Tait's golf. If Norman Hunter can attain to this, his fortune as a golfer will be made, for he has all the power and brilliance and finish of Tait, and only lacks days out of ten Hunter would have sent that second on to the green, or, with a careful steady shot, would have reached the foot of the green. Lashing out, however, with all his might, he topped the ball, and only just sent it past the road; was short in his third; and finally allowed his wary old antagonist to secure a half of the hole in six, a hole that a player of Norman Hunter's calibre, after that fine tee shot, ought to have made certain of doing in five, if not in four. In 1902 he was defeated in the third round at Hoylake by Mure Fergusson, and last year he did not compete. Since then he has shown the stuff he is made of by his fine play during the American tour of John Low's team, and I am looking forward to seeing him do justice to himself and his many admirers at Sandwich next May.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Hunting

More New M. F. H's.

The process of filling up the gaps caused by resignations continues prosperously enough. No better Master could be found for the Blankney country than Mr. Edgar Lubbock, who for many years has been one of the best and most popular of sportsmen in a district that is particularly favoured by the elect of the hunting world. Then, the Cotswold Hunt Committee has made a most judicious selection in appointing Mr. Herbert Lord to preside over the country, a thorough knowledge of the ground covered and its inhabitants being his high recommendation. The Exmoor Foxhounds are also to be in the hands of one who is well acquainted with the area of operations, as Mr. Peter Ormrod, of Wyresdale Park, Lancs., has hunted a great deal in the West Country, and for some time worked the Barnstaple district with his staghounds. Mr Gordon Colman, moreover, has consented to take over the Surrey Union Hounds in succession to Mr. G. H. Longman, so that it really looks as if there would be no vacancy unfilled by the time that the season closes.

The Inclement Spring

Habituated as we have become to the rigours of early spring it is seldom that March has opened under such chilling conditions as in this year of grace. In mid-winter a stoppage of hunting through frost can be easily tolerated, but the uncertainty which has prevailed recently has been most aggravating. In some countries hounds have been out in the snow, a proceeding that is only possible in districts where woods or very open tracts prevail and ditches are scarce. To huntsmen the weather must be simply heartbreaking, for not only has the period when the longest runs after travelling foxes are to be obtained been marred, but the prospects of saving a fair proportion of the young hounds which are now being sent in from quarters are none too rosy. Last year was, on the whole, productive of indifferent entries of young hounds, while those who had occasion to replenish their kennels from outside found the task far from easy. Unless, therefore, better luck is general, it seems that young hounds will be scarcer than ever this spring. It should be noted that at present it seems improbable that any important sale of hounds will mark the end of this season, which, however inconvenient to would-be purchasers, is eminently satisfactory to contemplate.

Point-to-Point Races

The point-to-point season has perhaps commenced rather earlier than usual, the Royal Horse Guards and the Grenadiers having led the way over a fo tnight ago in the Cottesmore country. Illustrations of some of the regimental point-to-point races were published in last week's BYSTANDER. So popular with hunting men have these events become, and so happy an opportunity do they present for the entertainment of the farmers over whose land hounds have been hunted, that the number of fixtures is almost sure to show a considerable increase. Of the more notable of institutions which have, during recent years, patronised this branch of sport, it seems unlikely that the House of Commons will figure in the list, for though on one or two occasions our legislators have met in equestrian rivalry to great advantage, the sporting spirit is on the wane at St. Stephen's. The Universities are almost sure to ride against each other, the Vale of Aylesbury being the probable locus, while the Bar (or rather the Pegasus Club) is almost certain to bring off its annual fixture with the customary *éclat*. It is to be hoped, too, that the Stock Exchange races will come off as usual, though unhappily, the money market is not in so brisk a condition as is litigation. L. J. B.

Sport in Ireland

Perhaps never has there been a more unsatisfactory hunting season in Ireland than the present. We flatter ourselves that we are pretty safe from frost, and we have had little of that to speak of, but instead of being frozen-out, we foxhunters have been flooded out. It is seldom that hounds in Ireland have to cancel their meets, except now and then from frost, but this season many meets have been abandoned owing to the wet state of the country. A few packs evidently hope to make up for lost time, and have their meets advertised until well on in April, but, on the other hand, the ominous "to finish the season," is creeping into a good many li-ts of fixtures. A great number of point-to-point meetings take place between this and the end of the month, the Dundalk Harriers, Inniskilling Dragoons, Muskerry Foxhounds, Sligo Harriers, All Ireland Army, Ormond Foxhounds, and Waterford Foxhounds all having dates fixed for meetings this month. The Earl of Longford and his brother, the Hon. E. M. Pakenham are to be the recipients of two very handsome pieces of plate, presented to them by the members of the Westmeath Hunt in recognition of their valuable services rendered to sport in that sporting country, when they acted as co-masters of the hunt. The Galway "Blazers" are also making a presentation to Mr. Poyser, their ex-master, who showed such excellent sport for the two seasons he hunted the stone-wall country. T. S. B.

WITH THE BELVOIR HUNT

The Belvoir Hunt "Special" Arrives at Billingborough Station

In order to convey the hounds and staff to distant meets, some of which are often twenty miles away, the Master, Sir Gilbert Greenall, charters a special train. Thus huntsman, hounds, and staff arrive in a state of freshness and more capable of enjoying good sport

The Meet at Folkingham

The train shown in the illustration at the top of the page is always chartered on Tuesdays and Fridays, and is obviously most appreciated at the end of a hard day in the field, the return to headquarters being taken in comfort. Our lower photograph shows a subsequent meet at Folkingham, the hounds being in charge of Ben Capell

Salmon Fishing on River and Loch

Fly-Fishing for Salmon

Capital sport with the salmon has already been experienced on the Tay since the opening, also on Loch Tay. On the river the great majority of the fish are killed by harling; and of course all the Loch fish are killed in that way. Although I would rather catch one salmon when fishing from the bank and wading when necessary, than two when casting from a boat, or three harling, still even prawning for salmon is great sport when better is not to be had. It is all very well for rich salmon anglers, able to pick their time and water, to look down on the use of any bait but the fly—they will not even admit that an artificial fly *is* a bait—but less fortunate mortals must catch their salmon as best they can, of course I mean by fair means. It is unfortunately true that so strong is the passion for catching salmon with some men that they do not hesitate to foul-hook fish with spinning baits, or leaded flies, if they cannot get them by fair means. The finest of all sport with rod and line, in my opinion, is that afforded by a good small salmon river where no boat is required, and where the angler by walking and wading, can cover all the casts from one side of the river or the other.

Some Notes on Harling

Harling, which is the usual style of fishing on the Tay and on the larger Norwegian rivers and on salmon lochs, consists in sitting still facing the broad flat stern of the boat, from the two corners of which project salmon rods with thirty or forty yards of line out, and on one a salmon fly and on the other a spinning bait—generally a "phantom" of some kind. The Blue Phantom has killed more salmon than any other artificial fly in the United Kingdom. In harling you have to rely on your boatman to hook the fish by rowing the boat so that the fly fishes the pool properly. When a fish takes the fly or spinner it is hooked by the jerk; the line is always taut, and usually a turn is taken round a smooth oblong stone like a big potato, which lies on the bottom of the boat. The sudden jerk given to the line by the fish pulls it loose from the stone, fixes the hook, and the angler at once takes up the rod and plays his fish.

Casting from the Bank

To know as you wade into a small salmon river that there are a good few, fresh-run fish in the pools, to know the water is just the right height, to have the luck of a genial day in spring for your first cast for the season—well, life may have greater pleasures, but they are few and far between. It is delightful once again to feel the spring of the salmon rod as it sends out the line with ever lengthening cast; to feel it vibrate gently from end to end as you work the fly round until the water where the fish lie has been covered, or you see a boil in the waves and quietly tighten on the fish—there should be no sudden strike. A salmon usually hooks itself, but I always like to get a hard, steady pull on the fish to send the point in over the barb, before the first rush. One constantly hears of salmon taking a hundred yards of line off the reel in one rush, but it is very rarely, indeed, that this happens; it is generally done in a series of rushes, if at all. Of course, where a fish persists in a straight course, it does not matter if he stops between the rushes if you cannot follow quickly, the reserve of back line on the reel may be getting dangerously low; but I should say far more fish are killed with less than fifty yards of line than with more.

Salmon Fishing on the Awe

Our pictures, which are from photographs by a keen salmon angler—Dr. MacQueen—show some salmon pools on the River Awe, in Argyllshire, which is like the Galway River, in Ireland, very short but very good. Both flow out of great sheets of water, and, after a course of three or four miles, are lost in the sea. But the Awe, if it has less salmon, has far grander scenery, and it is of special interest to the salmon-angler of moderate means, inasmuch as about two miles of it are free to visitors to the Taynult Hotel. When the Awe is in ply and the fish running this is probably one of the best bits of free water in the United Kingdom. Of course only a limited number of rods can fish, and the beats are drawn for overnight. There was some rather acrimonious correspondence in the *Fishing Gazette* last summer about the rules, etc, but the fact is, the angler who wants inexpensive and good salmon, grilse, and sea trout fishing must be prepared to put up with possible inconveniences. The Awe opens for fishing on February 11, but it is not an early river, and the best months are May, June, and July; still, fish are often got earlier in the season. It can be fished almost without wading; but its best pools are often provided with a background of rock and trees, which make switching imperative. Many a heavy fish has been killed—and doubtless more will be killed this season—near the top of the Long Pool, shown in our picture. Awe salmon are grand fish, and weights between twenty and forty pounds and over are not uncommon. The best account of the pools on this capital water, of the flies and the fishing generally, is one Mr. A. Grimble wrote for me, which appeared in the *Fishing Gazette* of January 10, 1903, the first of his articles on the salmon rivers of England and Ireland. Anyone thinking of trying the Taynult Hotel Water must engage rooms beforehand, and must be prepared, if the beats are all taken, to take his chance of having to wait till there is an opening for him

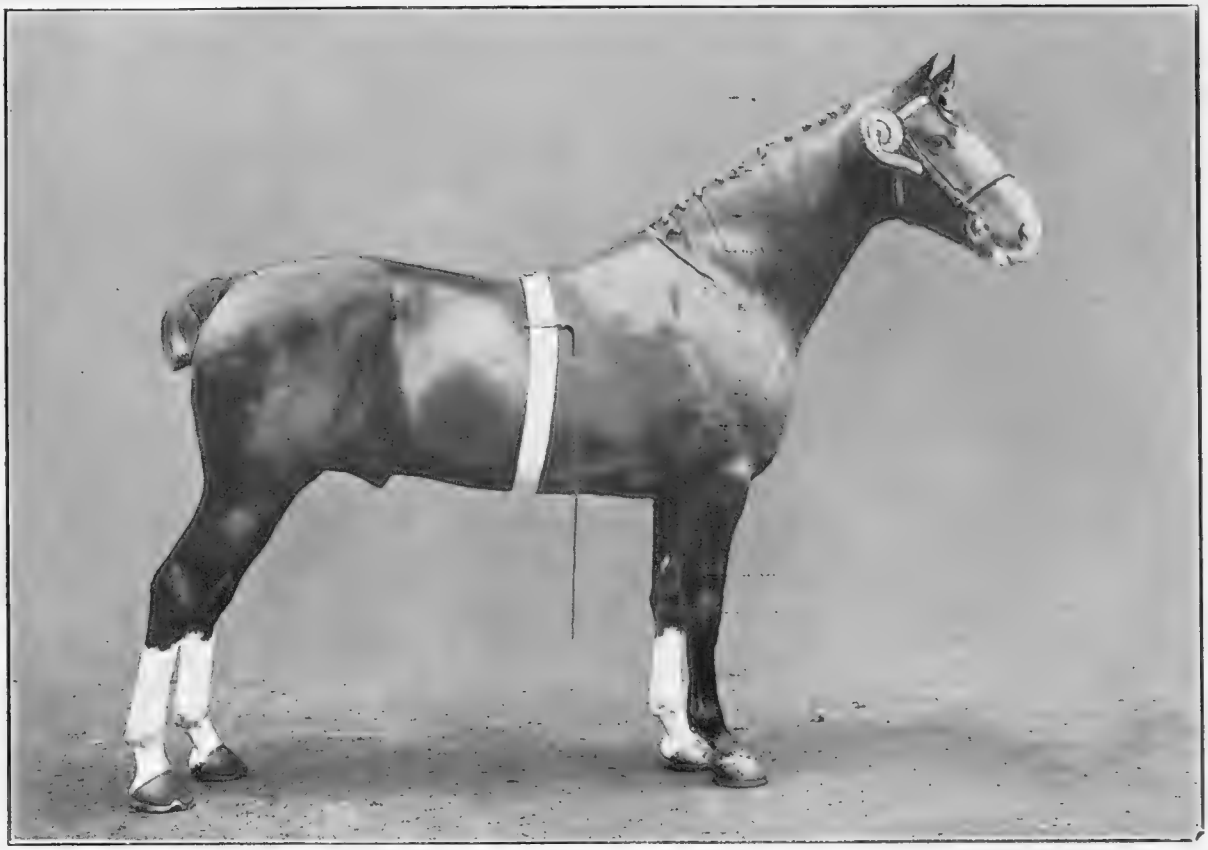
R. B. M.

The Long Pool on the River Awe

The Otter Pool, Looking Down Stream

RIVER AWE, ARGYLLSHIRE: A FAMOUS FISHING WATER FOR SALMON

CHAMPIONS AT THE HACKNEY SHOW : AGRICULTURAL HALL



Mr. C. E. Galbraith's "Administrator," Champion Stallion

Mr. C. E. Galbraith's "Rosadora," Champion Mare

A STRIKING TESTIMONIAL

Dear Sir—During the recent hot weather I bought your "Indoor Golfer," to improve my play the result was astonishing

BOAT RACE PRELIMINARIES: THE OXFORD AND

Cambridge Getting Ready for a Spin: Waiting for No. 6

As will be seen, the Cambridge men were at Henley when our photographs were taken. On Monday last, March 14, they commenced the final practice at Putney

The Cambridge Men Passing Fawley Court

The coach is not seen in the illustration, but we may be sure he is very busy with his megaphone

CAMBRIDGE CREWS IN TRAINING AT HENLEY

The Rivals! Cambridge the Cynosure of Oxford Eyes

The Oxford and Cambridge crews have been training over the same piece of water, which is quite unique in the history of the boat race. The rival crews are, moreover, so friendly that when the Cambridge cox went off the other day to (it is understood) a boxing match, the Oxford cox coxed the Cambridge crew!

A Near Snapshot of the Oxford Crew

Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher is coaching the Oxford men, who commenced training over the course, at Putney, last Thursday

SOME THOUGHTS ON MR. TREE'S ACADEMY OF ACTING

AND A SPECIMEN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR INTENDING CANDIDATES

"There must necessarily be a preliminary examination, but there need be no alarm about that—it won't be stiff."—Mr. George Bancroft to a *Daily Graphic* representative.

These reassuring words from the mouth of the secretary of Mr. Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art have done much to dispel the general nervous depression which has descended upon the body theatric, although there are yet many elements of gravity in the situation which followed closely upon the recent announcement that the doors of the new School were at last to be flung open to an eager public.

We must retrace the path of History to the opening chapters of the Boer War, when the "Call to Arms" struck a common chord in the breasts of England's citizens, in order to find a parallel to the clarion voice of Thespis calling upon her children in all strata of Society to don the sock and buskin.

Like all great upheavals which disturb the foundations of the human race only to unite its members yet more closely in love of a common cause, the new Academy of Dramatic Art has forged links of steel with which to bind the scattered units of society.

The clergyman, the member of Parliament, the barrister, the public speaker (whose common elocutionary deficiencies are to be treated in a special branch of the Academy), those who hanker after the footlights, and those who have smelt them in the cause of charity—all, indeed, who exercise, whether in the pursuit of their calling, or in spite of themselves, the art of personal magnetism, are to find shelter within the portals of the new Academy. It is impossible to exaggerate the levelling and humanising element attaching to a movement which unites Acton's Amateur and the new member for Slowcombe (on a bye-election) in the common dread of the difficulties surrounding the "prelim."—difficulties which, in spite of Mr. Bancroft's assurances, cannot but force themselves upon the artistic temperament.

A Little Bit of Hamlet for Breakfast

Under the Beerbohm Tree

It would be idle to offset the severe tests of capability embodied in Oxford and Cambridge Locals, the Matric, Mods., Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Indian Civil against the pitfalls which surround the qualifying examination for the new Academy of Acting. The fear of being "plucked" is spreading like a canker in the social life of the aspirants to Academy honours. Already, four hundred candidates, we are told, have enrolled themselves (provisionally). In the interests of those who have relations and dear friends among the gallant four hundred, we call upon Mr. Tree and the Board of Examiners to end this fearful suspense.

We should be doing less than our duty if we sought, in any way, to minimise the terrors of the ordeal which lies in wait for the Dramatic Art student. The horrors of a school *viva voce* (in languages) are recalled when we conjure up the refined torture of giving the *Queen Mab* speech on a

That Affable Order of Being, the Stage-door Keeper, will be only too Pleased to Correct the Answers to the "Prelim." Papers

darkened stage to a handful of wraith-like arbiters scattered about an auditorium clothed mournfully in brown hollands. At the same time, it is better to dwell, in times of national danger, upon the glory rather than upon the risks of volunteering. Better it is to hearten up the trembling tyro with a picture of the glorious chances of a rise from third citizen to first, than stifle his endeavours by a mournful account of the chances against his possessing sufficient dramatic talent to simulate the easily inflamed passions of a member of a stage "mob."

One rumour, however, in connection with the new

The Female Dramatist as a Force

Academy is so disquieting that the possibilities of its crystallising into a certainty must be faced. It is stated that, in addition to the oral examination, there will be set a kind of general paper on theatrical topics, to be answered (in writing) within a time limit of three hours. With a view to preparing candidates for this eventuality we append a specimen paper (set by a well-known theatrical *flâneur*) on the theatre in its very broadest sense. Answers to these questions will not appear, for various reasons, in our next, or in any other issue of THE BYSTANDER. This prohibition will not detract in any way from the value of the examination paper as a test. Any constant playgoer, with friends in the Profession, will be able to correct the answers. In default of such an ally, candidates might appeal for expert testimony and adjudication to any stage-door keeper. This affable order of being is only too willing to answer, categorically, any questions put to him.

ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART.—Time, 3 hrs.

GENERAL PAPER.

(PRELIMINARY—*Specimen.*)

Candidates should write on one side of the paper only, and not even on that, if they are at all in doubt as to the real significance of a question. While the Examiners have been at pains to avoid setting any question in the nature of a "catch," several of the questions (mainly those intended for "honours" candidates) are fairly technical. At the same time, a meaningless and totally inaccurate diatribe on any of the questions will be awarded marks, provided it be written in copper-plate, with due regard for spelling and punctuation.

1. Give the derivation and meaning of the following theatrical terms: "Wheeze," "A paper house," "Heavy father," "Singing chambermaid," "An angel," "Trying it on the dog," "Little Mary." Illustrate your answer (where possible) by diagrams.

2. "Once a deadhead, always a deadhead." What great philosopher gave utterance to this truism? Is it a truism? If so, why? Illustrate your answer by examples from your own personal experiences.

3. Draw out an imaginary theatrical poster, indicating, by the various sizes of type and the position of the preposition "and," the relative degrees of importance of the following:

(*a*) The actor-manager.
(*b*) An actor-manager, viz., one who has acted and managed elsewhere.
(*c*) A "small part" actress who is a "celebrity."
(*d*) A celebrated actress who lives quietly.
(*e*) An English playwright (native born).
(*f*) An English adaptor (i) from the French, (ii) from the German, (iii) from one of his own countrymen in another part of the country.
(*g*) An actor peer.
(*h*) An actor who has no peers.

4. Trace in not more than 500 words the Rise and Fall of the British Drama from Miracle Plays to Musical Comedies.

5. When your part (Second Funny Man) is marked "BUS," what action does this justify your taking:

(*a*) When the principal comedian is singing a song with BUS (by himself)?
(*b*) When the "soubrette" is displaying archness towards the "juvenile lead?"
(*c*) When the "prima donna" is trilling an aria?

6. Write a short essay on *one* of the following subjects:

(*a*) The female dramatist as a Force.
(*b*) Bacon and the Musical Mirrors.
(*c*) "Why I joined the Academy of Acting."

E. C. S.

The Play in London By "SNEER"

SIR FRETFUL: My dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours.—*The Critic.*

The indisposition of the British Drama is still giving its medical attendants great anxiety. At least, that is the impression I glean from the more solemn of the monthly reviews. The *Fortnightly* for March prints a "further list" of some thirty eminent persons who are ready to prescribe for the patient, thus bringing up the number of would-be physicians to over a hundred, while the *Nineteenth Century and After* publishes a jeremiad on the old subject of a national theatre from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. So impressed was I by these melancholy head-shakings that as I passed the doors of the Lyceum last week I half expected to see bulletins pasted up notifying the British drama's serious condition and begging visitors not to ring. But I was disappointed. The Lyceum is to become a variety theatre and need care no longer whether the drama lives or dies. Happy Lyceum!

I will not bother my readers with a *résumé* of the contents of Mr. Jones's article. They will have heard them all before. The arguments in favour of a State or municipal subvention to a theatre are familiar enough, and most people have made up their minds firmly on the subject one way or the other by now. The opportunity for making converts is for the moment over. There is, however, one thing in the article which is new and of interest. Mr. Jones, in his determination that the National Theatre, if it ever exists, shall succeed, offers to write a play for it! This is real generosity. Most of the people who profess anxiety about the British drama are contented with signing their names to an appeal or pouring out their souls in a magazine article. Mr. Jones is willing to back his fancy to the extent of furnishing a play, and furnishing it free, gratis, and for nothing. This is distinctly a step in advance. I only hope it won't be a bad play.

One of the most curious developments in the dramatic world just now in London is the growth of what I may call the experimental theatre. A dozen years ago what were the theatrical events of the season to which the enthusiast for drama looked forward? They were a first night at the Lyceum, or the St. James's, or the Haymarket. What we all talked about, and criticised, and, if necessary, quarrelled over, was the production of *Becket*, or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, or *An Ideal Husband*. These were the productions which the newspapers discussed and the reviewers attacked or defended hotly while their readers applauded. Where are the corresponding productions now? Not at any of the West End theatres, as far as I can see. The Garrick gives us an adaptation from the French. A very interesting and even admirable performance, but still an adaptation, therefore not a dramatic event of the first importance. The St. James's is replacing one German adaptation (*Old Heidelberg*) by another (*Love's Carnival*). The Lyceum is no more. His Majesty's gives us spectacular drama imported from America.

All these are excellent things in their way, and there is no objection to importing your drama either from America or the Continent. I only point out that putting up a play in London after it is already a year or two old elsewhere cannot possibly be described as an event of dramatic importance. Where, then, are we to find the successors of those exciting First Nights of the late eighties and early nineties? You reply at once, "At Daly's and the Apollo and the Gaiety." I'm afraid I can't accept *that*. The first night of a play like *The Cingalee* is a very pleasant affair. It may even be socially brilliant. But intellectually it is not on the same plane with the production of *Becket* or *Beau Austin* or *The Importance of Being Earnest*. No, the intellectual centre of interest in theatrical London just now has deserted the great West End managements and taken refuge with the experimental theatres.

Take the present month. It happens to be an exceptionally good one for my contention, but the *tendency* has been observable for several years now. It has merely grown more pronounced with time. What are the events just now which are exciting most interest in that section of the intellectual world which goes to the theatre? There are four of them. They are the productions of *A Soul's Tragedy*, *The Way of the World*, *Hippolytus*, and *Salome*. And every one of them owes its production to an experimental theatre or quasi-private society! It was the Stage Society which produced Browning's *A Soul's Tragedy* this week; it is the New Century Theatre which will produce Mr. Murray's verse translation of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides; it is the Mermaid Society which promises three performances of Congreve's *Way of the World* at the Court next week; and it is Mr. J. T. Grein who is gathering in subscriptions for a private production of *Salome*.

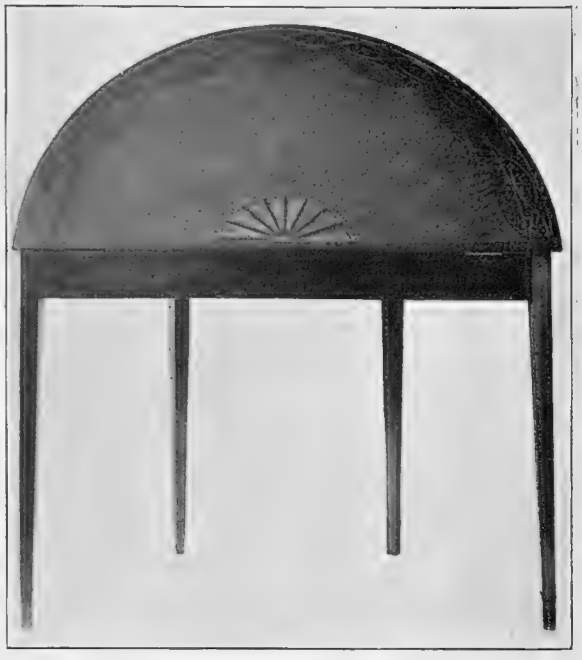
Unhappily the efforts of societies and enthusiasts are necessarily intermittent, sometimes alarmingly so. Indeed, the New Century Theatre had intermitted its performances so long that most people believed it to be dead. They will be the more glad to see it pop up again, though I hear for the last time. Personally, I rather wish that the last drop of New Century blood had gone to watering the British drama rather than to a painstaking translation from the Greek. Mr. Murray's beautiful play, *Andromache*, which the Stage Society (more experiments!) gave three or four seasons ago, showed him to be a dramatist of real power who ought not to waste his time on translations, and the best New Century performance that I recall was of an English play, namely, the Stevenson-cum-Henley drama, *Admiral Guinea*. But if, as I am assured, there are no English playwrights nowadays, then by all means let us have Euripides. Perhaps, later on, Bradfield College will show us the play in Greek in its open-air theatre. It would be a most interesting production—I mean revival.

The Connoisseur.

CABINET WORK AND CABINET-MAKERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

A New Field for Research

Some of the authorities on eighteenth century furniture in England are at present inclined to claim the attention of their followers for the work of the many clever cabinet-makers who flourished during that period of accomplishment, and who were neither Chippendale nor Sheraton nor Hepplewhite nor Adam. Now that the amateur of eighteenth century furniture has learnt clearly to differentiate the work of these masters, a new and agreeable field of research opens before him in the allocation of the examples attributed to these men, but probably produced by their contemporaries—famous in their day, though now little known. To begin with, it is generally thought that there were three Chippendales; but for most purposes the Thomas who produced the books of designs, and was the best known, is the only one of importance. In his day the men whose work is now most often called in his name were firstly, Thomas Johnson, the early carver of mirror frames especially, whose style was pretty directly taken from the French. Johnson's work is admirable



Sheraton Dressing Table, Showing Work on Cover

Sheraton Dressing Table, Showing Interior, with Glass Raised

in its technical qualities, but his taste runs riot among the decorative details then in fashion, and the result is often confusing and weak.

"Chippendale" Work

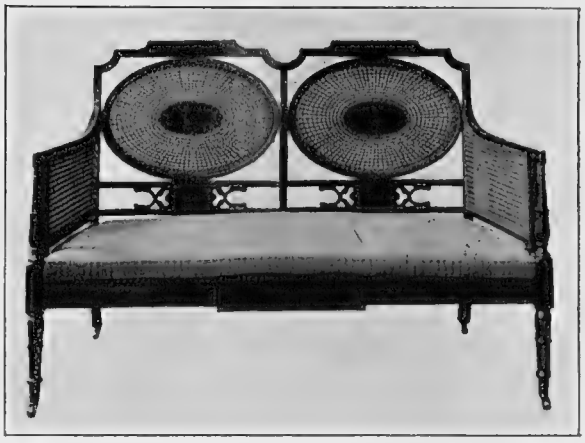
Then there was the whole Society of Upholsterers and Cabinet-makers, contemporary to and assisted by Chippendale. Robert Mainwaring is said to have been the leading—if somewhat infelicitous—spirit of this association; his work is often called "Chippendale" too, but it can be known by its weak lines and bad proportions. Even the famous Sir William Chambers' severe Chinese tables have been mistaken for the productions of the popular cabinet-maker when working under the same Oriental influence. A Mr. Halfpenny and Messrs. Edwards and Darly (not Matthias Darly who aided Chippendale in so many ways) published designs in the Chinese manner, and are not often recognised. Without working the point too hard, one may still indicate others whose laurels fall upon Chippendale's memory. William Ince, Thomas Mayhew, and Copeland, with his gifted partner, Matthias Lock, are not often credited with the admirable work they have produced. It will, therefore, be seen that in the Chippendale period

alone there is a wide field for the research of the earnest amateur. In the next epoch of excellent eighteenth century cabinet work, Hepplewhite is almost a generic term for a whole host of admirable workmen and designers. He was a member of a large society, in much the same way as Chippendale, and yet very few of his comrades' names survive. One, however, remains clearly even at the present time.

Thomas Shearer

This is Thomas Shearer, whose technical skill and careful workmanship and truly artistic enthusiasm make his examples well worth tracing. The more one studies the simpler styles of eighteenth century English work the more one will be drawn to the excellences of Shearer, whose labours appear to have lain very largely in the direction of bedroom furniture and the more useful pieces of work for everyday "parlour" uses. His productions are sometimes taken for those of Sheraton, whose name rings more familiarly in the public ear. The illustration of the extremely interesting table which we give is from a photograph of a piece in the galleries of Messrs. Howard's, of Berners Street. They very properly, no doubt, attribute it to Sheraton, and the beauty of its inlay, the tone of its satinwood, the soundness of its proportions all point to the master of this particular style of work. But there are points that suggest the earlier workman. Shearer's especial vanity was to make the external appearance of his furniture quite unlikely to suggest its internal economy. The present example, when closed, has very much the appearance of a card-table of the period, but, when open, all the recondite mysteries of a dressing-table are spread before us. Shearer's love of secret little boxes and drawers, and his passion for mechanical arrangements for fitting away the various parts of any piece of utilitarian furniture may be noted here also.

A Chair of the Same Set as that Illustrated Above. Design Used in the Early Part of the 19th Century



Painted and Carved Settee in the Later Manner of Sheraton

When Hepplewhite Was Out of Vogue

But then, although Sheraton was inclined to abuse Hepplewhite and his fellows, of whom Shearer, as we have said, is the best known, as *demodé* and feeble, these skilful internal arrangements were in general demand, and there is no doubt that in his early work he made great use of them. On the whole, perhaps, the evidences are in favour of Sheraton, for while the inside and the form remind one of Shearer, the decoration of the cover is in the well-known manner of the master of inlay. The example is a genuine and most interesting piece of eighteenth century work and well worth studying. Sheraton is seen again in a later manner in the cane-seated and backed settee and chairs, also illustrated from Messrs. Howard's collection. Apart from the grace of satinwood, and the delicacy of the miniature paintings, and the simple lines of the design, an especial elegance is given to these pieces by the method in which the cane work is elaborated from the central designs at the backs. These examples are particularly fortunate in the tone of the cane, and, indeed, the colour scheme of these pieces, as in so much of Sheraton's work, is of the greatest value and charm. Here, too, is a splendid mirror, of great size and framed in a gilt design in the most elaborate manner of Chippendale, whose work it may well be, although its development of French detail suggests the carver mentioned earlier in these notes, Thomas Johnson.

Beauty is Truth

Now that all the great cabinet-makers have passed away for more than a hundred years, it does not much matter to them whether we confuse Ince with Lock, Chippendale with Johnson, or any with the other. Their work is still with us, and, call it by what name you will, its charm and beauty and its market value remain the same. The names they conjure with occasionally in the Tottenham Court Road (in fairness to this flourishing locality one should mention that the great eighteenth century firm of Copeland and Lock lived there) are little or nothing to the connoisseur. He has learnt that :

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

E. M.

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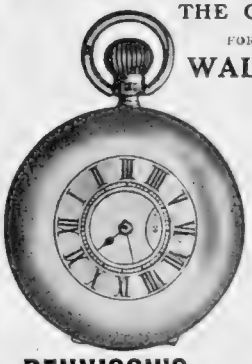

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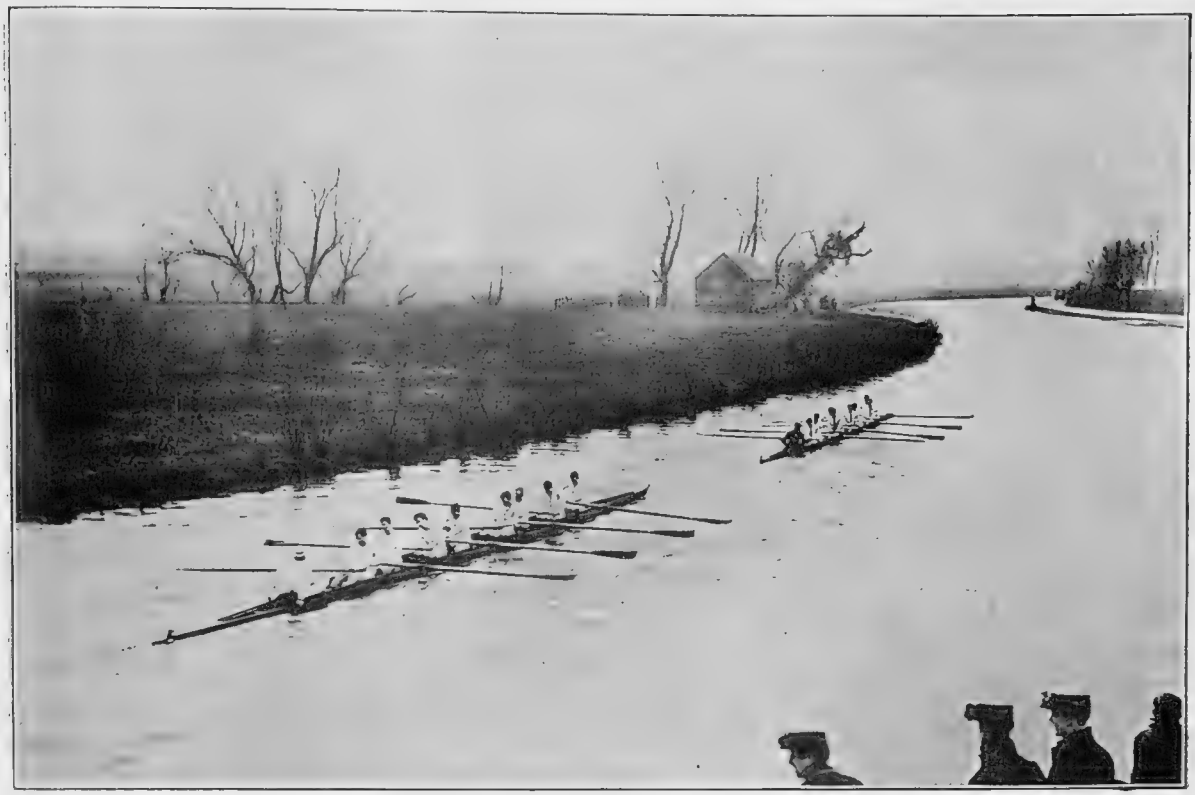

Second Division: King's (I), Drawing up to Sidney

Second Division: Emmanuel (2) and Corpus

The weather conditions were somewhat severe for the Lent Races, the cold being accentuated by a strong north following wind. In spite of this, as our illustration shows, there was a good turn-out on the towing-path

Flounces and Fashion

Time is drawing on, and the festive season of Easter will soon be here. Many people believe in the old-fashioned idea that it is unlucky not to wear something new on Easter day, and the shops are already beginning to look fascinating with spring costumes, although, during the last week, we seem to have emerged once again in mid-winter, but such is our English climate that one day it snows and the next is quite mild, so we must not despair, but look forward hopefully to spring and spring apparel.

My sketch this week is of a charming teagown I saw at Liberty's. It is made of salmon pink crêpe de chine, the front is of the same material in white, the large collar which is always so becoming is hand-embroidered, the under sleeve is again white, ending in two frills, while the over sleeve hangs in a point about six inches below the elbow. Another teagown which took my fancy was a figured crêpe de chine; it was made similarly to the other, with a front and sleeves of white crêpe de chine and a very dainty drapery of white round the bodice, which was cut a little low.

Whatever the season, teagowns can always be worn, and a really charming assortment can be seen at Messrs. Liberty's. I also noticed a dinner dress there made of Oriental pearl satin; it was Empire style, and had a fichu of cream chiffon, edged with rather wide lace. The front of the gown was hand-embroidered with pearls and diamonds, the sleeves finished just above the elbow with an under sleeve of chiffon and lace similar to the fichu. This gown would be most effective on a tall, slight woman, and would be charming in any shade of satin.

A Charming Liberty Teagown of Salmon Pink Crêpe de Chine
(Sketched by our Artist, Miss M. E. Hepworth)

One more gown I saw which is really worth mentioning; it was a dress for afternoon wear at home. The material was a wool crêpe in turquoise blue. It was quite a simple gown made all in one, a pointed yoke and collar of tucked white silk, small bishop sleeves ending in a narrow cuff, which was hand-embroidered, and a band round the waist with two points in front also embroidered. The skirt had a train and fell in graceful folds from the waist.

A Great Underclothing Sale

The annual "white sale" will shortly take place at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. The sale has been postponed until March 21, on account of the extensive alterations to the building.

During the sale there will be a special display of the latest novelties in every department of the immense shop, to enable the public to become familiar with the new position of the various showrooms.

In the Dress Fabrics Saloon ladies' dress cloths can be obtained at 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard. The usual price for these is 6*s.* 11*d.* and 7*s.* 11*d.* per yard; French printed delaines, all this season's designs, at 1*s.* 4½*d.* per yard, which certainly seems very cheap.

In the Silk Saloon there is a large display of printed Japanese silks, in all colours. Special price, 1*s* 4½*d.* per yard.

Pretty designs for the coming season will be seen in the material costume saloon, costing from 73*s.* 6*d.* to 10 guineas; usual prices for these rise from 10 to 20 guineas. Great variety will be combined with low prices in the Silk Blouse Saloon, as the following items show:

Accordion pleated silk blouses, all colours, 14*s.* 11*d.*; usual price, 21*s.*

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The great White Sale will be held in the new showrooms on the first floor. Ladies' Parisian underclothing seems to be the greatest feature, and certainly I saw some very charming nightdresses made of cambric, with square neck of insertions of lace with ribbon running through, at 4*s.* 11*d.*, others at 6*s.* 11*d.* upwards, the most expensive being 27*s.* 6*d.*, made of cambric, with tuckings of finest muslin, let in with insertions of Valenciennes lace, Empire lace and full hanging sleeve.

Chemises from 3*s.* 3*d.* to 6*s.* 11*d.*, the latter being prettily trimmed with fine Torchon lace and insertion, hand-made. Bridal trousseaux are to be a speciality at this sale, also household linens and curtains. I saw some very beautiful designs in lace curtains for 6*s.* 11*d.* per pair, made of Scotch lace. M. H.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Club Story

There has been much amusement at a club—shall we say the Athenæum?—over a piece of salient witticism on the part of a member of that august body. It appears that some time since, a certain erudite member, a man well known in London, had the misfortune to lose a cherished umbrella. Whereupon he caused the following notice to be appended to the board of green baize: "Will the nobleman who took a brown silk umbrella with stag-horn handle, kindly return it, care of the Hall-porter?"

Whereupon the Committee communicated with the aforesaid well-known member, and inquired, with considerable severity, why he had traduced the Peerage. To which the accused retorted that his announcement was framed in accordance with the rules of the club, for (as he proceeded to point out to the Committee) by Rule I: "This club is formed for the membership of noblemen and gentlemen." "Now," said he, "no *gentleman* would have taken my brolly; so it must have been a nobleman." Tableau!

Our Supplement

There is no need to insist upon the appositeness of our Supplement this week—another of the inimitable series of political personalities sketched by the late Phil May. Sir William Harcourt's long and honourable career in the House will soon be brought to a termination. The retiring Liberal champion will carry with him the respect and love of opponents and supporters. His retirement reminds us unpleasantly of the diminishing ranks of the old school of statesmen. They were at once students and men of vast practical knowledge. They brought a literary and classical element into their readiness of debate. In fact, they possessed a combination of talents which might serve as an example to the rising generation of statesmen. For the moderns we have admiration; for the ancients, veneration.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Practical Hints for Travellers in the Near East." By E. A. Reynolds Ball. 2*s*. (Marlborough.)

"Tourist Handbook for Southern Italy, etc." (Thos. Cook and Son.)

"Marriage and Marriages." By E. C. Harvey Brooks. 4*s*. net. (Longmans.)

"The Expansion of Russia." 1815-1900. By F. H. Skrine. (Cambridge University Press.)

"Room Five." A Novel by Hamilton Drummond. 6*s*. (Ward, Lock.)

"Myra of the Pines." A Novel by Herman K. Viele. 6*s*. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Filigree Ball." A Novel by Anna Katherine Green. 6*s*. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Real Siberia." By John Foster Fraser.) 3s. 6d. (Cassell and Co.)

"Royal Guide to London Charities." Edited by John Lane. 1s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

"The Tariff Dictionary." 2*s*. 6d. (Simpkin Marshall.)

"Austrian Life in Town and Country." By F. H. E. Palmer. (George Newnes.)

"John Constable, R.A." By Lord Windsor. The Makers of British Art Series. (Walter Scott.)

MR. AITCHISON'S

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